LITERARY VITAMINS FOR HOLLYWOOD . . . By Edwin Seaver

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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"TILL I COME BACK TO YOU"
by Thomas Bell
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"THE LUFTWAFFE: IT'S RISE AND FALL"
by Hauptmann Hermann
Reviewed by Squadron Leader Murray Harris

"THE SHIP"
by C. S. Forester
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"THE MINISTRY OF FEAR"
by Graham Greene
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"THIS WAS NEW YORK"
by Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal
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"TENANTS OF THE ALMIGHTY"
by Arthur Raper
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

THOMAS BELL "plays on our romantic sentiments while avoiding sentimentality." . . . (See page 7)

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N.B. *If, by any chance, you missed the article in last week's issue referred to above, we suggest you dig it up and read it.*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

June 26, 1943

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An Announcement of Significance

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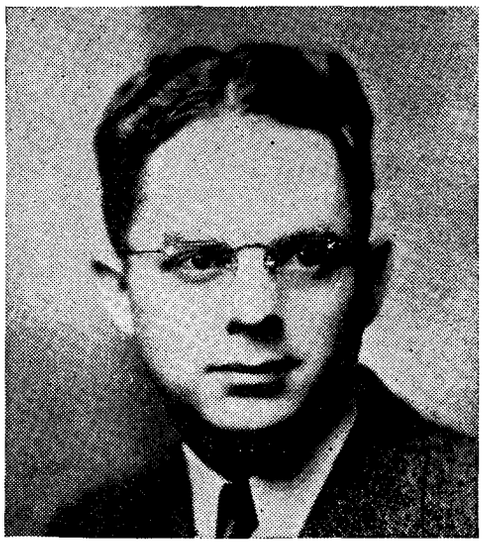

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CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN

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The Legend of Oliver Herford

An Unforgettable Human Being With a Gift for Delight and Laughter

JULIAN STREET

HE was frail and gnomelike. His clothing hung from his shoulders with the empty look of clothing on a coat-hanger, and by contrast with his meagre body and spindling neck his head looked large. This disproportion gave him the appearance of a baby robin, and the suggestion was enhanced by the great, astonished eyes behind his glasses, and by the nimbus of fine, soft hair, like pinfeathers on a half-bald birdling.

Yet there was a certain style about him. His writings and drawings were full of style and he could wear an old gray homespun suit in a way that made it look newer and better than it was. Long ago, when I first knew him, fancy waistcoats were the fashion and I remember that his were of heavy woolen goods, for except in an overheated room he seemed always to be chilly.

He wore enormously tall, starched turnover collars of a style I remember from half a century ago, spats in cool weather, and a monocle which usually hung on a black ribbon against his vest. His voice was low, his diction distinct—as befitted the son of an English clergyman—and his smile slow and misty. He almost never laughed aloud; a smile was usually the best he gave; the rest of us, who listened to him, did the laughing.

Oliver Herford was rated the first wit of his time. Since his death in 1935 the legend of him has steadily expanded. His sketches and watercolors and the delightful little books he wrote and illustrated are collectors' items now; his verses are enshrined in the paper Westminster Abbeys of the anthologists; and Herfordisms such as "My wife has a whim of iron," "A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's—she changes it oftener," "They came to cough and remained to spray" (patients in a throat-specialist's waiting room), "I don't know your face but your manner is familiar" (in rebuke to a back-slapper), and "I've always wanted to throw an egg into an electric fan" (his famous reply to a patronizing dowager who asked about his loftier ambitions), are classics of American quippery.

The coruscating side of him that

—*Cartoon by himself*
Oliver Herford

caused him to be so widely quoted in the United States and England was far from being the whole show, and it is far from being the only reason why to me and many others who knew him Oliver Herford is the most unforgettable of men. His gift was the gift for creating delight and laughter. He never "built up" a story or had anything pat. He didn't *try* to amuse us.

IT always seemed to me that the essential thing that made Oliver Herford completely an odd number was that he lived on two separate levels at the same time. Physically he trudged about this old boardinghouse of a world with the rest of us, but mentally he floated overhead.

This affair of dual levels, or of having been delivered to the wrong address by the celestial expressman, kept his friends enormously entertained and considerably concerned about him. But, though he seemed to the rest of us the most impractical of men, he thought himself as practical as Calvin Coolidge. It was others who were impractical: poor, plodding wretches who were so obsessed with notions about punctuality and the first of the month and checkbooks and columns of figures and rent bills and grocer's bills and light bills and telephone bills and other awful dullnesses, that they never had time to think of worthwhile things such as the fairy patterns made by Jack Frost on winter windowpanes, and the fact that to an insect's eye the grasses were like the columns and arches in a Gothic cathedral, and that the right time to open Christmas cards was in July, when it was hot, and that the way to deal with unattractive looking mail was to drop it unopened in the wastebasket.

One Sunday when he and his sister, Beatrice, were walking in the country in New England they came upon a little one-room schoolhouse in the woods. Thinking of the children who would trudge dismally to school next morning, Oliver managed to lift a window, climbed in, and, while Beatrice sat at a desk, spent a happy two hours drawing in chalk on the blackboard which ran round the room a droll mural decoration of wild animals. Later Beatrice chanced to hear of the delight of teacher and pupils when the drawings were discovered next day, and of the reluctance with which they were erased to make way for more practical and painful things, the so necessary things which in Oliver's special world weren't necessary at all.

And indeed one could sometimes see a sort of cockeyed practicality about Oliver's ideas. The earliest example I know of his special kind of practicality occurred when he was in his late teens. His father had brought his family here from England when Oliver and Beatrice—famous these fifty years for her humorous monologues, an entertainment form I believe she invented—were children, and Oliver went West and got himself a job on a Nevada cattle ranch, cooking for cowboys. He had to rise at 4 A.M., build the kitchen fire, and start breakfast, but his most difficult duty was to take the bunkhouse water barrel down to a spring, fill it, and get it up the hill again. Particularly on cold winter mornings he hated this task, and

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he formed the habit of filling the barrel the last thing at night to escape going out in the pitch-dark, freezing morning.

One morning when he started to get breakfast he discovered that a mouse had got into the water barrel and drowned.

"What did you do?" I asked when he told me of this episode.

"Well," returned Oliver the practical, "I didn't take coffee that morning."

As may be imagined, banks, public service corporations, and other businesslike institutions presented something of a problem to Oliver, and he

in turn presented something of a problem to them. When he received a letter from his bank saying, "Your account appears to be overdrawn," he answered, "Never trust appearances."

IN the happy days of yore it was the beneficent practice of the Periodical Publishers Association to give an annual blowout of Arabian Nights proportions to some hundreds of writers and illustrators. The guests were wafted out of New York on a special train, put up for the night at a de luxe hotel, given a banquet at which leading figures of the period were speakers, and transported back to New York with their headaches next day.

Delighted with the sumptuous resort hotel at which one of these banquets took place Oliver decided to remain there a few days after the mob went home. As he was about to leave he was shocked to learn from the clerk that he had been the guest of the publishers for one night only and was expected to pay the balance of the bill himself.

"I haven't that much money with me," he told the clerk.

"That's all right, Mr. Herford. Just give us a check."

"But I haven't any checks, either."

A blank check was supplied and Oliver filled it out.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Herford," said the clerk, passing the check back to him, "but you've neglected to fill in the name of the bank."

"Ah, yes," said Oliver. "Perhaps you can tell me the name of a good bank."

When his tailor once wrote him, expressing pained surprise that he had paid no attention to his bill, Oliver wrote back that far from paying no attention to the bill he had shown it every attention, taking it with him on a weekend visit to the Berkshires, to luncheon with a charming lady, and to a distinguished literary gathering. "I was about to take it to Newport for the yacht races," he wrote, "when your letter arrived."

As far as I know, Oliver had but one settled economic policy. Small checks for second serial rights and the like—"windfalls" he called them—he always gave to Peggy, his wife. Peggy was Irish, red-headed, peppery, and humorous. She had a beautiful appreciation of Oliver in all his phases, and she treasured every little note and verse he wrote her during their many years together.

I remember two items she showed me. One was a note he sent her with a little check: "Here is a little windfall, dear. Spend it wisely but not too often."

The other was a six-line verse. Oliver had found an eyelash on a piece of paper on which Peggy had been writing when called to the telephone. On her return to her desk she found the eyelash mounted on a card with these lines:

O many a lash have I
Received from Peggy's eye
And there are many more
Mayhap for me in store;
Pray God the others all
As light as thou may fall.

The dedications of his books were clever and sometimes tender, but at least one had a sting in its tail. When Woodrow Wilson was President he used to quote Oliver in his speeches. But Oliver did not admire his admirer, and when his book, "This Giddy Globe," appeared it was dedicated

TO PRESIDENT WILSON
(With all his faults he quotes me still.)

Oliver's likes and dislikes were strong and he aired them freely. The story has often been told of the Farragut Club, and of how he would tell people he was proposing them for membership and later inform them that they had been blackballed. Ultimately it came to be known that Oliver held all the offices in the Farragut Club and was its sole member, and that the club's meeting place was the seat under the statue of Admiral Farragut in Madison Square. I once asked him what had put the idea of the Farragut Club into his head, and he replied that he had organized it for the sole purpose of blackballing Richard Harding Davis.

The late Childe Hassam, celebrated painter, detested careless superlatives. "Oliver," he once told me, "is one of the few men you can call a genius without making an ass of yourself"—and he quoted a definition of the term "genius" by Edward Simmons, the mural painter. "A genius," Simmons said, "is a man who can make you see stars in the daytime."

Oliver could do that. Usually the stars he made you see were pretty fireworks of the mind, but on provocation he could put more voltage into them and make them scorch.

He was fond of animals, particularly Persian cats, and loved to draw them, but Hassam wanted to interest him in bigger subjects.

"Why do you all the time paint cats, Oliver?" he asked.

"Well, anyway," retorted Oliver crisply, "I don't paint cats and call them landscapes."

Simmons, who was also a member of The Players Club, said many clever things but he was such an incessant talker that he came to be regarded in some quarters as a bore; and several of the best known Herford stories are of biting things Oliver said to Simmons in a well-meant effort to make him moderate his loquacity.

When Simmons wrote his autobiography he asked Oliver to write an introduction for the book. Oliver did so, but headed it "Interruption."

A member of The Players, fed up with Simmons's monologues, said to him: "I'll give you fifty dollars if you'll resign from this club."

"Don't take it," advised Oliver when Simmy told him of the insult. "You can get more."

HIS faculties for forgetting were incredible. He seemed to know nothing at all about things that had not interested him. I once asked him how old he was when he came to the United States and he told me he was about a year old. Since then I have learned that he was thirteen when he came. He

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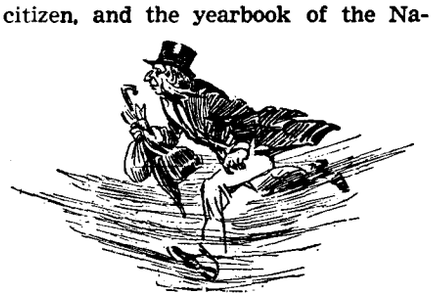
had not enjoyed his school days in England and had, so to speak, shut the door on them. It was the same with Chicago, where he went to public school, and Boston where he went to art school. He never liked his school anywhere and I never heard him mention Chicago or Boston except that he once remarked that when he went abroad he sailed from Boston because it was such a pleasant place to go away from.

Again I asked if he was a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He said no. When I showed surprise he explained, "They say you have to be a citizen."

"My God, Oliver," I exclaimed, thinking of his interest in American politics, "aren't you a citizen?"

"I don't know," he replied with his dim look. "That's what they said."

Beatrice Herford tells me he was a citizen, and the yearbook of the National Institute of Arts and Letters tells me he was elected to that body in 1911—twenty years before I asked him about it.



Everyone wanted to know Oliver but Oliver didn't want to know everyone, and especially he didn't want to know people who would gush over him or use him as an exhibition piece.

Many years ago a society woman widely known as a collector of celebrities gave a large dinner party at which the guests of honor were Oliver Herford and a then-famous military man. Bulbous and beaming, the lady arose at the end of the meal and, without having warned Oliver, announced: "Mr. Oliver Herford will now improvise a poem in honor of the hostess."

Oliver, sunk down in his chair, seemed visibly to shrivel.

"Oh, no," he murmured. "Have the General fire a cannon."

With Gelett Burgess, Oliver once started a sophisticated little magazine called *L'Enfant Terrible* which Burgess tells me ran for one consecutive issue. Taking a copy of that issue, fresh from the press, Oliver called on the late William W. Ellsworth, president of the Century Company, and asked him to take advertising space in the new magazine.

Mr. Ellsworth declined, and Oliver demanded to know why.

"Because," said the prescient publisher, "your magazine will be ephemeral."

"Why should it be ephemeral?"

"You'll get sick of it and it will stop."

"Nonsense," said Oliver. "I got sick of *The Century* long ago and it hasn't stopped."

AS Oliver aged he ate less and less, and his weight, little enough at best, dwindled until he became more than ever a mere "intelligence on legs." As his weight diminished colds and draughts disturbed him more, and the atmosphere of his apartment in the old "French Flats" in West Eighteenth Street was practically airless.

Into this situation came one winter Mr. E. J. Regan of London, Peggy's father, to pay the Herfords a visit. Mr. Regan brought with him a Briton's mania for fresh air. He went rushing about the apartment opening windows while Oliver rushed after him closing them.

Thoroughly irritated, the visitor went to the hall closet and ostentatiously put on his overcoat.

"Where are you going?" Oliver asked.

"Out to get some air," snapped the old gentleman.

"No use going out for it," said Oliver. "You've got it all in here now."

Oliver was not merely liked by his friends; he was treasured by them as a very special treasure. They loved to hold symposiums, to tell one another of things they had heard him say or seen him do, comparing notes, sorting the wheat from the chaff, or rather, sorting Oliver's chaff from other people's chaff—for his reputation was so great that the witty sayings of others were often attributed to him. This sorting process still goes on among the friends who have survived him, and the affectionate smiles that light their faces when his name is mentioned are at once their bequest from him and their memorial to him.

On a July day in 1935 Oliver, frailer than ever, walked slowly into The Players. A friend asked how he felt. "I know what's the matter with me," he replied. "I'm just fading out." And it was true. Less than a week later a black-bordered card posted on the bulletin board announced Oliver Herford's death. The card reminded many an old Player of what Oliver said when the name of George Barr McCutcheon was similarly posted.

"When I look out of my studio window," he said, "and see the club flag at half-mast, I hurry over and look at the bulletin board to see who it is; but it's always the wrong man." Oliver's own death notice had been on the bulletin board but a short time when someone who remembered pencilled on it: "Always the wrong man."

When I heard that Oliver was dead I could have wept, but when I read his obituary notices I laughed. No one could have helped laughing at such collections of Oliverish anecdotes.

After his funeral, which was at noon, there were things to be talked over, and a group of his pallbearers went to The Players for lunch. One story suggested another. Each man, it seemed, had some pet Oliver stories which were new to the rest of us, and the luncheon party quickly turned from an occasion of gloom into one of hilarity.

This expresses better than anything I am able to say the thing that makes Oliver so unforgettable. When those who loved him meet and mention him the inevitable result is gaiety.

The drawings in this article are by Oliver Herford himself.

Airplane Spotter—February Night

By Leonard Bacon

IT was so still, lacking
All sound. Then I heard beyond
Pure silence the ice cracking
In Tucker's Pond,
Half a mile off, odd battery
On the unaccustomed ear,
Rich with unchancy flattery
Saying: So you might hear
Some harsh, gross noise unknown,
Sharp fear nothing can blunt,
Mechanic, far-off drone
Of a wild hunt,
Hateful, a ghastly torrent,
Begetting dread confused,
Unspeakable, abhorrent,
To darkness used.
Silence in the night!
The 'cello boom from the lake!
Wintrily thrilling, despite
Whatever may stand or break.
There once in times secure
That like all times must pass
I brought to the glistering lure
The green-brown bass,
Saw the azalea draw
Her veil milk-white.
Nor was that all I saw
In the summer light.
Things not to be lost
As never wholly won,
Not to be chilled by frost,
Nor blistered by the sun,
Things that are always there,
Not remembered like griefs,
Not laid aside like care,
Not denied like beliefs.
And those things venture back
Though men despond,
Who hear the black ice crack
In Tucker's Pond.

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The Man in the Street and Life

TILL I COME BACK TO YOU. By Thomas Bell. Boston: Little, Brown. 1943. 219 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THOMAS BELL here neatly wraps a social sermon in an absorbing little story. Whether he has always been as skilful (in the much-praised "All Brides Are Beautiful," for example), I do not know, for this is the first book of his that I have read; but in this one it is a pleasure to watch him work. His fluency betrays no hint of a cheap facility; he practises extreme economy without the use of elipsis; his character criticism is unsparing, but never sadistic or self-righteous; he plays on our romantic sentiments while avoiding sentimentality, either of an out-dated kind or the fashionable sort that passes as hard-boiled; and, best of all, he writes with a simplicity that is strikingly uncommon in an age when troubled styles are so often the instruments of troubled minds. Yet, despite all his neatness and all his skills, he has not succeeded in perfectly integrating sermon and story.

Action, save for a few reminiscent passages, is confined to a Sunday afternoon and evening. Miley Brooks, a young machinist with a good job, who has enlisted in the army, is to report for induction on the morrow of the tale. He plans to spend his last civilian day with the Bridges family, in whose house, "in the heart of the Brooklyn plain," he boarded for three years after coming to New York from a Middle Western town where he was born "on the wrong side of the tracks." He knows that an entire clan will be assembled as usual for Sunday dinner and supper: Mr. and Mrs. Bridges; their son and wife; their married daughter, with her husband and baby; Florrie Bridges and her hard-to-marry boy friend. He is also fairly sure that Sally will be there—Sally, whom he has not seen for several months, Sally, whom he stopped seeing because Miley Brooks thought he had other things to do before settling down to marriage.

We follow Miley to Brooklyn, through a typical Bridges's Sunday afternoon, made up of routine actions, stereotyped conversation, conventional sentiments, and violent clashes, during which, character by character, each member of the family circle is candidly revealed. We watch Miley come to the realization of what Sally means to him; the sudden discovery that, now he is going into the army, they cannot be married too soon. We follow them back to Manhattan and the crowning moments of the day, to the end that is but a beginning.

Meanwhile Miley has expressed his social philosophy in verbal conflict with Florrie's Wall Street boy friend (the only character who seems at all contrived; set up to be knocked down) and has elaborated it for Sally's benefit while she has been lying, sympathetically but perhaps a little impatiently, on his couch. Miley left Greenfield, where he "did not count," to find a place where he would count, where he would feel at home. New York City did not fill the need, but, while collecting guide books, he kept on believing he would some day find the place that would. Now he knows that the kind of world he has been looking for does not exist. It must be built, by "the common people" who "can do anything in the world if they work at it hard enough"; by people like himself and Sally. But first they must fight for their right to build it, and Miley knows it is easy to tire of fighting. Mr. Bell sums up his philosophy as follows:

> Because the fact is, you don't have to do any fighting at all if you don't want to. You can let it lick you, the way it's licked Old Man Bridges. Or you can get enough of what you want to keep you satisfied, like Dave. Or you can sell out for any favors that might get thrown your way, like Eddie. Or you can never even realize there's a fight going on, like Nick. You have a choice. And I guess the only reason you don't take an out like that is because you happen to be the kind of guy you are... And being the kind of guy you are you can't live with your eyes closed, or pretending that something makes sense when it doesn't.

According to the best contemporary thought, these convictions of Miley Brooks are faultless. Yet, oddly, he seems least himself and least valuable as literature when he is uttering them. The mouthpiece through which Mr. Bell would speak usurps the place of the whole man he is creating. Some readers, of course, content to value Miley solely for his ideas, will make no literary judgment at all; but those who do make one will find Thomas Bell's talents admirable, his lapses few.

A Tale of Revolution

DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT. By Elswyth Thane. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 317 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by P. V. D. STERN

BY this time almost every phase of America's past has been used by historical novelists in search of material, but the Revolutionary period still holds first place in their affections. They have done it from every point of view—British, Loyalist, and Rebel. They have treated it realistically, romantically, and now sentimentally.

For in Elswyth Thane's "Dawn's Early Light" all the good people are very, very good, and the few incidental villains are very, very bad. Even the battle scenes do not seem unduly harrowing. The reader expects them in a novel of the Revolution, and there they are complete with costumes, cannon, and cockades. It is hard, though, to forgive such a moss-bearded device as having the young heroine come through the battle lines dressed in her twin brother's clothes and so effectively disguised that her lover does not know she is his sweetheart until the usual wounded breast scene inevitably occurs. And there is, of course, the routine business of the lovers mistakenly assuming that they are each in love with someone else.

Yet, despite many such ancient devices which may seem irritating to modern readers, the story has an ingenuous charm that carries it along. Set against the picturesque background of Williamsburg in its heyday and moving rapidly through the southern campaigns to the final victory of the American forces at Yorktown, this tale of the schoolmaster, Julian Day, and his youthful sweetheart, Tabitha, is always appealing and its narrative magic never flags. There are many good scenes in it—Tabitha being questioned about her learning by Jefferson, the Randolphs, and other Virginia worthies; Julian at the secret headquarters of Marion, the Swamp Fox, both of them with the amused Lafayette who cannot understand the incredible naiveté of these young Americans.

Those in search of a book which can safely be given to young people—or to an elderly maiden aunt—will find this one a godsend. It is likely, however, to go better with Aunt Agatha than with her jitterbugging nieces and nephews. They are probably too sophisticated for so simple and old-fashioned a tale.

WAR BONDS
The Least That Can Be Done

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Literary Vitamins for Hollywood

How Books Are Nourishing the Movies

EDWIN SEAVER

SOMEWHERE in one of Victor Hugo's massive novels—I think it's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—one of the characters comments dramatically on the relationship between the newly invented printing press and the church. "This will kill that," he says, pointing to the cathedral. Perhaps there still are book publishers who feel the same kind of uneasiness when they contemplate the motion pictures and what they have accomplished in their less than three decades as an industry.

As a symptom of this uneasiness we might cite some of the corny jokes about Hollywood one hears occasionally among publishers, like the one, for instance, about the producer who thought that Charles Dickens was a very promising young writer and ought to be signed at once. Actually, the leading picture companies, through their story departments, have a very thorough knowledge of what's cooking in the book world. When there is more to be known about new and forthcoming books and the people who write them, agent them, and publish them, the astute men and women who head these story departments will know it.

It might well pay some of our publishing houses to have representatives who know as much about the movies. No genius is necessary to sell a Hemingway or a Steinbeck novel to Hollywood. The trick is to sell something less obvious, by thinking in terms of what the movies can use instead of what we would like them to buy. A story editor, when he recommends a book for purchase, has to consider not only the story and the value of the property in terms of the book's sales; he also has to look for a suitable behicle for his producers, his directors, and his stars. In the same way, a publisher, by thinking of a book not merely as a thing to be dumped on Hollywood, but as dramatic material adaptable to the specific needs of a certain producer, director, or actor, may possibly effect a sale instead of a dud. This is what a good Hollywood agent does, of whom there are very few, and what a publishing house itself almost never does. In short, it's as much to the advantage of a publisher to know the immediate needs of the motion pictures as for the latter to know what a particular publisher has to offer.

The movies are not in the business of selling art or literature, propaganda or education. They are in the business of selling entertainment to their millions of cash customers. But entertainment is a very flexible term, broad enough to include anything from "Blondie" to "Mission to Moscow" to "Jane Eyre." What counts is box office, and, as the public's tastes and interests change and are reflected in the sales of different kinds of books, the movies also change. A few years ago it was practically impossible to interest Hollywood in what *Variety* called "hick pix"—that is, movies about small town life. "Stix Nix Hick Pix" read the famous *Variety* headline, which, translated into publishers' English, simply meant that people in rural communities wanted to get away from it all when they went to the movies. Today, on the other hand, the success of books like "The Human Comedy," "Happy Land," and "Colonel Effingham's Raid," reflecting a resurgence of popular interest in small-town life, have radically altered the Hollywood attitude. All of these books have been bought for the screen.

Ten years ago it would certainly have been impossible to sell to the movies books like "Mission to Moscow" or Ambassador Dodd's "Diary," or "Victory Through Air Power." But, if these are the books people are reading or talking about, these are the books they want to be seeing on the screen, and for a limited time a new market for Hollywood sales is open to the publishers. Needless to say, this condition is subject to change without notice. In a few years such books may be a dime a dozen so far as the movies are concerned. And, if, right now, Hollywood seems to be buying better books, it is not because story editors have suddenly become *littérateurs*. It is because they are sensitive to what people are reading and talking about, and have a sound weather eye out for the market.

THE picture is not essentially different from what it was twenty years ago; it is merely better organized. At that time a producer named Richard A. Rowland was being bothered by a publishing firm that wanted him to buy one of their books—a novel with a title that sounded like something out of the Bible. Rowland kept turning the publisher down; he hadn't read the book, didn't know anything about it, and didn't want to. Then one Sunday he happened to glance at the book review section of *The Times* and noticed an advertisement featuring this book. Down at the bottom of the ad was a line that attracted his attention: "Twenty-first printing." The fact that one book could have gone into twenty-one printings started Rowland thinking. Maybe there was something here after all.

The next day he got the publisher

Still of the moving picture version of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," produced by Paramount.

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on the phone, and a few days later the book was on its way to the screen. The title was "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It proved, as everybody knows now, one of the great successes of the silent screen and, incidentally, made Rudolph Valentino one of the great names in motion pictures.

The pictures today, just as twenty years ago, are interested in salable merchandise—merchandise that has been tried and tested in the market. The curious thing is this: when Hollywood buys a book that has sold, let us say, 300,000 copies, it is frankly buying so many potential customers—the total audience of all who have read or heard about the book, of which the 300,000 sales represent only the nucleus. On the other hand, when the publisher sells this book, he rarely stops to think that, in addition to his check, he is also getting the huge potential audience represented by the nation's movie-goers. The producer will do everything in his power to capture the total book audience for his picture. But how seldom the publisher goes out to capture the movie audience for his book. Whatever excuse there may once have been for this disregard of a mass audience, there can be little in these days of heightened national and international interest among the people as a whole, of broadening horizons and deepening inquiry.

It is difficult to obtain adequate figures showing what happens to the sale of books when they are made into pictures. In some cases, the publishers simply refuse to give out the figures, not only to a chance reporter like the writer of this article, but even to the motion picture company that has paid hard cash for the property. In other cases, the publishers blithely admit that they made no breakdown of sales figures with reference to the motion picture. Altogether, one gets the impression that the publishers have given very little serious thought to what happens or can happen to their books as a result of movie production. The Hollywood sale is just pure velvet, and there does not seem to be any recognized follow-through in making this velvet pay out in increased bookstore sales before, during, and after picture production.

Several years ago there was a notable production of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." Almost overnight this very great and very little read novel became a best-seller. One reprint house alone reports a total sale of some 590,000 copies, and this particular reprint was only one of three or four that appeared on the market following the picture. As someone remarked at the time, "That noise you hear offstage is the author turning over in her grave."

To turn from a classic to a contemporary work, "Mrs. Miniver" was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and a genuine best-seller, although by the time the picture was produced, two years later, sales had naturally fallen off. Pocketbooks alone sold 300,000 copies in the month following the picture's appearance, and the sales mounted to 440,000 as the movie toured the country. There were other popular editions as well.

Of course, not all books show a marked pick-up in sales as a result of motion picture production. Many books show no appreciable rise at all. A great prestige film and box office success like "Wuthering Heights" or "Mrs. Miniver" will automatically affect book sales, without the publisher doing anything about it. So will any picture that excites the popular imagination. "King's Row," for instance,

Forthcoming Film Productions Based on Books

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX		
Jane Eyre	*Charlotte Brontë*	Random
Song of Bernadette	*Franz Werfel*	Viking
Guadalcanal Diary	*Richard Tregaskis*	Random
Only the Stars Are Neutral	*Quentin Reynolds*	Random
Happy Land	*MacKinlay Kantor*	Coward
One Destiny	*Phil Stong*	Reynal
The Keys of the Kingdom	*A. J. Cronin*	Little, Brown
Victor Hugo	*Matthew Josephson*	Doubleday
Last Train from Berlin	*Howard K. Smith*	Knopf
Colonel Effingham's Raid	*Berry Fleming*	Duell
Through Embassy Eyes	*(Based on Ambassador Dodd's Diary)*	Harcourt
I Escaped from Hong Kong	*Jan Henrik Marsman*	Reynal
The Lodger	*Mrs. Belloc Lowndes*	Longmans
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER		
Quo Vadis	*Henryk Sienkiewicz*	Little, Brown
Mrs. Parkington	*Louis Bromfield*	Harper
Dragon Seed	*Pearl Buck*	John Day
The Last Time I Saw Paris	*Elliott Paul*	Random
Marriage Is a Private Affair	*Judith Kelly*	Harper
The Sun Is My Undoing	*Marguerite Steen*	Viking
Cimarron	*Edna Ferber*	Doubleday
Gentle Annie	*MacKinlay Kantor*	Coward-McCann
They Were Expendable	*William L. White*	Harcourt
See Here, Private Hargrove	*Marion Hargrove*	Holt
War and Peace	*Tolstoy*	Simon & Schuster
On to Oregon	*Honoré Willsie Morrow*	Morrow
The Valley of Decision	*Marcia Davenport*	Scribner
The White Cliffs of Dover	*Alice Duer Miller*	Coward
Madame Curie	*Eve Curie*	Doubleday
A Thousand Shall Fall	*Hans Habe*	Harcourt
Lassie Come Home	*Eric Knight*	Winston
PARAMOUNT		
For Whom the Bell Tolls	*Ernest Hemingway*	Scribner
Hostages	*Stefan Heym*	Putnam
The Uninvited	*Dorothy Macardle*	Doubleday
Frenchman's Creek	*Daphne DuMaurier*	Doubleday
WARNER BROTHERS		
Background to Danger	*Eric Ambler*	Knopf
The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	Doubleday
Saratoga Trunk	*Edna Ferber*	Doubleday
UNITED ARTISTS		
The Gaunt Woman	*Edmond Gilligan*	Scribner
Since You Went Away	*Margaret Buell Wilder*	Whittlesey
Victory Through Air Power	*Major Alexander P. de Seversky*	Simon & Schuster
The Raft	*Robert Trumbull*	Holt
Appleby on Arrarat	*J. Stewart*	
UNIVERSAL PICTURES		
Christmas Holiday	*W. Somerset Maugham*	Doubleday
Phantom Lady	*William Irish*	Lippincott
RKO RADIO		
Behind the Rising Sun	*James R. Young*	Doubleday
The Fallen Sparrow	*D. B. F. Hughes*	Duell
COLUMBIA PICTURES		
Address Unknown	*Kressman Taylor*	Simon & Schuster
Mr. Winkle Goes to War	*Theodore Pratt*	Duell

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went back into the best-seller lists following the appearance of the film, and sold another 100,000 copies after the picture's appearance.

On the other hand, a mediocre picture will certainly not send people out in a rush to buy the book. But many an adequate film production which might do things for the sale of the book it is based on fails to do so, simply because the publisher is not there with the right follow-through. Because he loses interest in the book at the very point where he ought to begin a new type of promotion for a new audience.

Something further might be said at this point about the promotion of books bought by Hollywood, between the time of purchase and the time the picture is released. Both the motion picture companies and the publishers may be short-sighted here. The producer, having bought the property, usually forgets about it until production gets under way, which may be months, and in some cases years, later. The result is that all the value, or much of it, that originally accrued to the property in terms of book-reading audience and promotion—the value he paid for—is allowed to drain away. It is to the producer's interest to keep the book alive, to the best of his ability, right up to the point of release.

Quite obviously, it is just as much to the advantage of the publisher to continue promotion of his book, after he has sold it to Hollywood, up to the same point of release. Promotion not merely in terms of publicity and advertising, but in terms of bookstore tie-ups with local theatres, and also special motion-picture editions. A little of the right kind of coöperation here might show good results for both parties in the deal.

The motion pictures, it is evident, have not checked the distribution of books any more than the printing press to which Victor Hugo referred killed the cathedral. On the contrary, they have contributed enormously to building a mass audience for books. The more alert publishers are just beginning to sense this mass audience, as new methods of distribution and new outlets are tried and found workable. It is the same audience that reads millions of newspapers and magazines, listens to the radio by the millions, and packs movie houses to the tune of some eighty to ninety millions of people each week.

Send GOOD books to
the Victory Book Campaign,
Saturday Review Family,
25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hermann Goering's Black Birds

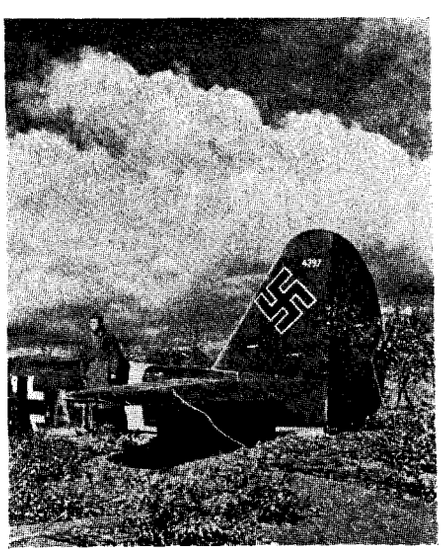
THE LUFTWAFFE: ITS RISE AND FALL. By Hauptmann Hermann. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 294 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

THE author of this book was a flyer on the German side in the last war, so he can speak with real authority on the rise of the Luftwaffe. But this is more than a book on the German air arm—it is a lesson for peace-makers, too. Major Hermann saw how the provisions of the Versailles Treaty (January 10th, 1920) were side-stepped one by one; how the world was hoodwinked until finally all pretense was thrown off and the threat of German air power used to intimidate the appeasers and the weak-kneed among European statesmen.

Major Hermann gives us a useful historical sketch of the growth of the industry and of the big figures in German aviation circles. Milch stole in among them and too late it was discovered that he was the protegé of the army clique who started preparing for a new war on the morrow of the Armistice. General Wilberg was made head of the secret aviation division of the German Defense Ministry before the ink was dry on the Treaty of Versailles. By 1932 he had trained 1,500 pilots and had another 3,000 in training. Then Goering took a hand and the Nazis claimed the Luftwaffe as their own, though they had done little or nothing to create it, except the organization of an Air Corps of 1,500,000 men.

Throughout he is extremely critical of Lindbergh, whom he accuses of persuading Chamberlain that the Luftwaffe was invincible. And he speaks highly of Seversky, who never doubted for a moment England's potential supremacy in production and quality. If for nothing else, the Allied Nations should be grateful to Seversky for his courageous stand against Lindbergh. Of Chamberlain the author has little good to say, pointing out that the first six months were wasted in Chamberlain's idea of warfare—pamphlet dropping.



—From "Shooting the Russian War," by Margaret Bourke-White.
Wrecked Nazi Raider

The Luftwaffe adopted the Douhet principle but failed to follow it out in not creating a force of big bombers. Major Hermann tells us they never had anything like the Liberator or the Flying Fortress, but he forgets the Focke Wulf Kondor which, after a brilliant debut over the Western Approaches and even as far south as Gibraltar, appears to have disappeared from the skies; perhaps there were not enough of them to go around or maybe the Germans have to husband their dwindling oil stocks.

In the spring and summer of 1940 every day was a field day for the Luftwaffe and in very truth they made hay while the sun shone. But in August and September they found their masters in the R.A.F. and from the drubbing they took over the Channel dates the fall of the Luftwaffe. They were whipped and they knew it and they lost their dash.

The author makes little even of the conquest of Crete by the air arm alone and is of the opinion that any air force could have done it, if prepared to face the staggering losses of men and aircraft which made of it a defeat rather than a victory. But he fails to appreciate that Crete was a great strategic gain for the Germans, of which we shall become more and more aware; Crete for two years has been pressing down on the Eastern Mediterranean and now bars the Aegean route to the Vardar Valley.

The worst defeat yet suffered by the Luftwaffe is its defeat in Germany itself, because it has not succeeded in stopping the R.A.F. from ranging at its will. From now on the Luftwaffe is doomed: we shall still hear of it but it cannot hope to withstand the overwhelming output and superior quality of American and British aircraft.

The book is a valuable and creditable piece of work both in composition and in style; it is rare indeed to find an author using another medium than his mother tongue with such skill and sureness of touch. It is of natural appeal to the air-minded but I would like to call the attention of the public to it, too.

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The Saga of H.M.S. "Artemis"

THE SHIP. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown. 1943. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

IT is peculiarly fitting that the one author who has done more than any other to popularize in fiction the British Navy in the era of wooden ships and sail should turn his hand to writing about that navy in the present war. The same sure technical knowledge that was devoted to describing men and ships of the line in battle in the eighteenth century is now being used to make modern naval warfare intelligible. The fine ability to draw dramatic characterization that made Captain Horatio Hornblower a living, breathing person is being used to portray the sailors and officers of the British fleet which has stood off the Axis Powers for nearly four years.

The ship is the H.M.S. *Artemis*, a light cruiser with a crew of six hundred men, which, in company with a few others of her class and a handful of destroyers, is convoying a group of slow-moving merchant vessels to Malta to relieve that much-attacked isle. The story opens just after the end of an air assault on the convoy and deals with the subsequent encounter with a powerful Italian fleet. The *Artemis* goes into battle, slipping in and out of a smoke screen to fire her six-inch guns against the more heavily armed and armored Italian warships. Training, discipline, skill, courage, and superb teamwork are thrown into the balance to outweigh the enormous odds against the pathetically small British fleet. As the action progresses, the individual men on the *Artemis* become real, for this is no mere technical description of naval maneuvers but a dramatic and thrilling account of men in battle. From the lonely, sin-obsessed sailor stationed far down in the propeller shaft tunnel to keep the bearings oiled, to the captain on the bridge, on whose shoulders rests the outcome of a minor sea-battle which may nevertheless change the whole course of civilization, the officers and crew of the *Artemis* are portrayed as vivid personalities, each playing a part in the complexity of modern naval warfare.

C. S. Forester

For a modern naval battle is astoundingly complex, as the author's ably handled account of this one shows. The best brains in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and practical engineering work for years to place ships, guns, instruments, and high explosives in the hands of men who must, in a few hours or even minutes, make use of them to beat off an enemy possessing equally advanced equipment. The human factor becomes exceedingly important. Skill, training, and courage count, and life itself is thrown unhesitatingly into the scales.

Mr. Forester analyzes the motives that make men on a ship in battle act together to achieve a common end:

> It was true that every man knew that the better he did his work the better would be his chance of life, that for every Italian he helped to kill there was one Italian less who might kill him, but that was only a minor, a very minor, reason for doing his best. Love of life did not have nearly as much strength as did love for the service which actuated these men, the love for the ship, and especially the artistic desire to do perfectly the task before them. They were in that way like the instrumentalists in an orchestra, playing their best and obedient to the conductor not through fear of dismissal but solely to produce a good performance. . . . The martyr at the stake refusing to recant to save his life, the artist unthinkingly putting his whole best into his work, were actuated by motives similar to those actuating these gunners—although anyone who told those gunners that they were martyrs or artists would at best be answered only with the tolerance extended by the Navy towards an eccentric.

The author has put an orchestral quality into his novel. "The Ship" is a symphony of steel and oil and cordite—and men. To read it is to experience, even though vicariously, the concentrated drama and heroism of a modern naval battle.

Graham Greene

Greene Atmosphere

THE MINISTRY OF FEAR. By Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS book is a clear call for Mr. Hitchcock, and it is to be hoped that when it does reach the screen (as has already been announced) it will be done by no one else. There is nobody writing fiction of mystery and intrigue who approximates so closely the taut and echoing atmosphere of suspense that Hitchcock weaves into his pictures, and it is doubtful, as a matter of fact, whether even Hitchcock can get Greene's subtlety of overtone onto his screen. For Greene writes a mystery thriller with all the delicacy of touch, the minutiæ, the by-paths and tangents, of a first-class psychological novel. In this instance we have Arthur Rowe, a marred product of his own checkered history, which includes murder and a mad-house, wandering by easy stages into the very center of a fifth-column plot in London involving espionage, treason, and violence.

The book begins at a charity bazaar, where Rowe wins a cake by guessing its weight. But the cake was not meant for him. It contains a message, the possession of which makes him a marked man,—and the pursuit is on. Its details need not concern us here; the pleasure of their unrolling belongs wholly to the reader. And the method of their unrolling, alternating between cerebral sparring and the explosion of violence, highlighted always by an attention to character and phrase, will be the greatest pleasure of all.

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THE AMERICAN FOLLY

THERE is something curiously paradoxical today in the changed relationship between the book and film world and the everyday world in which Americans live. Once—and not many years ago at that—many of us picked up a book or went to the movies for an hour or two of escape. But the war has reversed that. Today we live in what is actually a world of escape and take a brief dip into reality every now and then in our diversions.

When you read on-the-spot reports such as "Guadalcanal Diary," by Richard Tregaskis, or "Men of Bataan," by John Hersey, or "Queens Die Proudly," by W. L. White, or "One World," by Wendell Willkie; or even books of fiction such as "The Dead Look On," by Gerald Kersh, or "The Voice of the Trumpet," by Robert Henriques—when you read these books you are strangely lifted out of the fantastic and unreal world that is America today and plumped into a world of substance and reality, a world where basic values are at stake, where blood is flowing in mounting torrents to keep the meaning of America alive.

The contrast is even more striking with motion pictures—perhaps because the film is a much more compact and dramatically effective vehicle than books. You go to see a film such as "In Which We Serve," or "Desert Victory," or "Prelude to War," and come away dazed and blinking—dazed because your brief excursion into the real world of 1943 has been full of raw stuff; blinking because it is difficult to get adjusted again to the world you actually have to live in and work in. This world is much different from the one you have seen when it took shape on the screen. This world—that is, the American world today—is an incredible world which no word describes so aptly and tragically as the word "escape"—in the sense that we are detached from the needs of the present.

Does "escape" seem too harsh when applied to America? How else would you describe a nation that is in a fight to the death yet thinks it can afford the luxury of interminable wrangling, pulling, tugging? How else would you describe a nation where there are men in Congress who regard as their main enemy not Hitler but the President of the United States, and who count as a supreme triumph anything that will embarrass, hamstring, or obstruct him? How else would you describe a nation where the abolition of government agencies, regardless of the nature of their work or their urgency on the war front or home front or both, is eagerly sought by Congressional blocks not to expedite the war against Germany and Japan but to expedite the war against a competing political party? How else would you describe a nation where efforts to stabilize wages and prices and taxes are constantly thwarted because each group wants the other group to make whatever sacrifices have to be made; where organized pressure groups are relentlessly grubbing and grabbing whatever they can while the getting is good? And finally, how else would you describe a nation where there are race riots and devastating and irresponsible strikes?

Don't take comfort in the notion that this is the democratic way. This is not the democratic way, unless we are to say that the democratic way is disintegration and insanity. There is always a wide margin in democracy for cleavages and divergences; indeed, in normal times democracy thrives on them. But there comes a time when the margin must shrink, when differences must be subordinated to common resolution in the face of a common danger. To stray far out beyond the margin, to allow what are really minor differences to become magnified and intensified to the point where more important issues are side-tracked or obscured; to obstruct or impede the national welfare because of petty politics or prejudice—all this is inexplicable treason.

Yet the profoundly disturbing reality is that this is the picture of America today—a nation which has yet to grasp the imperatives of the hour. There is no "home front" in the sense that there is a solid wall of resistance. There is no such wall and we may as well face it. Selfishness, shortsightedness, stubbornness have eaten into the wall and have left big, gaping openings. Armies can win battles and nothing more. It is the nation as a whole which alone can prove its ability to survive.

Can it be that when it comes to a show-down we haven't got what it takes? Can it be that a nation born in the blood of freedom's battle has so far wandered from its heritage as to be ignorant of the bold requirements of continued freedom and self-preservation? Can it be that all these internal explosions will serve only to pave the way for the destruction, demolition, or overthrow of American democracy at home without a single enemy shell, bullet, or bomb touching our shores? If so, we had better call the boys home now, for there is nothing left for them to save. N. C.

The Twentieth Century Mind

By Lenore G. Marshall

THIS twentieth century mind
Betrayed by its own reason
Trusting in no known light
Stands in an open prison.

It has the skeptic fact
Tethered, explored, and sure,
Amended, ever intact;
It has an old desire.

Its pierced secret belief
Flowing on like a dark river,
Long ages harbored and safe,
Still seeks its own, forever.

So honeycombed by faith
But without faith in its vision
It would pray, if there were prayer,
Too wise for the heart's decision.

Asks nothing and all of fate,
Outwits itself securely:
We have found our love too late,
We have lost our love too early.

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Getting Back to "Gideon Planish"

SIR:—Ever since I read Professor Howard Mumford Jones's review of Sinclair Lewis's "Gideon Planish" I have wished to lodge an amiable protest, but have not been able to get to it before.

Mr. Lewis's latest novel seems to me so useful and effective an exposure of three of the greatest high-toned rackets of our day—the academic racket, the uplift racket, and the publicity racket—that I would regret to see its reception and perusal curtailed in any degree as the result of what I believe to be an unfair and distorted appraisal.

Professor Jones's main thrust against "Gideon Planish" is that Lewis, his method, and his style, are now outmoded and anachronistic—that 1943 is not 1920 and the technique and philosophy of "Main Street" is highly inappropriate to our time.

It is quite true that 1943 is not 1920, but we are already heading back to 1920 and the best way to check this retrogressive trend is to anticipate it by turning upon it realistic satire and social criticism.

Professor Jones seems to imply that there has been a more or less complete revolution in the technique of the novel since the days of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," and that Mr. Lewis is decidedly a horse-and-buggy literary technician today. No doubt there have been many new devices introduced into fiction in the last quarter of a century, but it is far less certain that there have been any fundamental changes, any unique developments since 1920. There were as many divergences from Lewis's fictional technique in 1920 as there are in 1943.

One may choose his novels, novelists, and fictional technique according to his taste. There can be no disputing this. One may prefer a Thornton Wilder or a Willa Cather or a Thomas Wolfe to Lewis as a novelist. That is one thing and wholly legitimate; it is something else again to declare that Lewis is an Old Fogey just because we don't like his way of writing or his social philosophy.

Professor Jones finds fault not only with the general method of "Gideon Planish"; he attacks it in many details. For example, he calls Lewis's characterization of Winifred Homeward, "the Talking Woman," "satire at its most juvenile level." Now it is something more than an open secret as to whom Winifred is supposed to represent in real life, and those who know the original are aware that the portrayal is an understatement, and that the devastating satire is as salutary as it is timely. Likewise, it is nonsense to say that Marduc is an "ogre" and to imply that he is an incredible character. Lewis here has in mind one of the outstanding figures in American journalism and publicity, and the implications of his satire are not exaggerated. Professor Jones suggests that Lewis missed his opportunity for the "big scene" of the book in not arranging a head-on clash between Winifred and Dr. Planish's wife, Peony. Now a good clash would be dramatic, but hardly between those gals. They are of such different types that a bout between them would not be unlike a ring battle or an exchange of wit between Joe Louis and Fred Allen.

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's past our closing time."

In attacking Lewis's social philosophy, Professor Jones holds that his ideas "lead to provincialism, to the isolationist camp, and may lead to ways of letting it happen here." Now, it seems to me that exactly the opposite is the case. Mr. Lewis is actually alarmed over the "totalitarian Liberalism," with which it is not unfair to identify Professor Jones. He fears that it is just this philosophy which is likely to make it happen here, and that is why he satirizes it unmercifully. This is most effectively brought out on page 423, in the words that Lewis puts into the mouth of the young Ph.D. in economics who had recently enlisted in the navy:

> I enlisted to save my alleged Liberalism. I had the job of making arrangements for outside lecturers at the university, and all these propaganda associations tried to sell me on lecturers that, they claimed, had the patent on Justice, Political Integrity and love for the Chinese, and I set up *too* much sales resistance. Then on the radio I heard a ballyhooer who calls himself Charles B. Marduc—and I bet I know what the B. stands for—and he attacked Fascism so hysterically, and with such a suggestion that he was the only lone anti-Hitler, that I almost found myself beginning to be pro-Fascist, anti-Semite, anti-Chinese, anti-feminist, anti-socialized-medicine, anti-everything I had ever believed in. So I thought I better get into uniform and get away from everything resembling organized virtue, and do it quick.

Or, again, on page 336, speaking of the effect of Winifred's vocal bombast:

> Winifred held forth about Hitler's nastiness so ferociously that she had the same effect on all present that she had on Hatch Hewitt, and they became stubbornly certain that Hitler was a fine, fat, jolly, drinking fellow, who loved girls and sausages and beer and stories about pandas; as she talked on, they longed to sit with Hitler in a couple of rocking chairs on the front porch at good old Berchtesgaden, and talk about fishing.

All of which shows that Lewis does not want it to happen here and is well aware of what is most potent in creating pro-Fascist sentiment and generating suspicion with interventionist propaganda.

Admittedly, "Gideon Planish" is not one of Lewis's greatest books. It lacks the warmth and richness of "Babbitt" and the subtlety of "Arrowsmith." But it surely ranks with "Elmer Gantry," "Ann Vickers," "It Can't Happen Here," and "Dodsworth." If it is not up to "Babbitt," it is because Lewis has too many distractions today, not because he is doddering, or fading out from senility or obsolescence.

Nevertheless, the social utility of the book is greater than that of any of Lewis's earlier volumes. Each of these attacked mainly only one nuisance; "Gideon Planish" exposes and demolishes three major rackets, and gives a well-placed kick to half a dozen more. For that reason, it is probably more worth reading than any other of Lewis's works.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.
Cooperstown, New York.

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Old Manhattan

THIS WAS NEW YORK—THE NATION'S CAPITAL IN 1789. By Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 320 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RODMAN GILDER

WHAT a time-saver for the writer of fiction is "This Was New York!" Just stir in a pair of lovers and you have an historical novel complete with patriotism, uniforms, menaces, comedy, incidental characters, and local color, sound, and smell.

The erudite authors, Frank Monaghan and Marvin Lowenthal, describe, without patronizing, the late eighteenth century life of the city, and contrive to present a wealth of scholarly detail without being dull. It is obvious that they have profited by Sullivan's definitive work on Footnotes*, because all but sixteen pages of their text have been defootnoted.

Setting out from Boston, the reader approaches the great city of nearly 33,000 on Manhattan Island. The comfortless journey by land consumes more than six days. He looks into the problem of board and lodging; takes a thorough view of the teeming capital of the brand-new nation; studies its "medical arts and wiles" (there is only one hospital in the whole town); notes that the social and political upper crust consists of a few lawyers and many merchants—for, say the authors, "most blue blood, in America and Europe, is extracted from the skill of an ancestor to keep out of the red"; acquaints himself with New Yorkers' reading habits—which ran to fiction; studies the abundant religious and the scanty educational facilities, and learns the thirty-five-year history of Columbia (*né* King's) College; finds how law and order are maintained (one-seventh of the male population is rotting in the Debtor's Jail); and finally takes in every detail of the simple, moving ceremonies of our first President's inauguration.

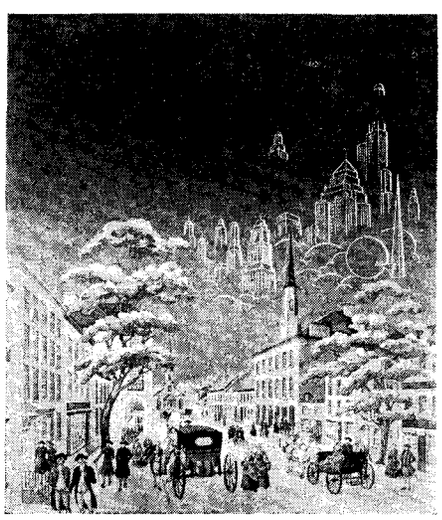
Fifty years ago a biographer of Washington remarked orally, "The more I study the subject, the bigger and nobler that man gets!" Historians Monaghan and Lowenthal, with far more light on the great character, paint an accurate picture of Washington that has the breath of life.

Here are three among the many proofs of the painstaking research that preceded the writing of this book: (1) The authors examined "the details of all the manuscript records of the cases that passed through the tribunals of 1789." (2) Photostat copies were made "of every page of each extant issue of all the New York newspapers for April and May, 1789 . . . Each advertisement was cut out, classified, and filed. These thousands of clippings thus present a detailed and systematic picture of the many things available to the shopper of 1789. Various other facts have been taken from letters and memoirs of the period." (3) The 1789 and 1790 charge-out ledger of the New York Society Library—founded in 1754 and still going strong—was laboriously studied for the reading habits of the 242 New Yorkers who were then members of the library. Here we see what books attracted President Washington (a non-member), Minister of Foreign Affairs John Jay, Vice-President John Adams, the Rev. William Linn, Chaplain of Congress, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, and others.

New Yorkers' habits at table are carefully explored. The evening repast was usually consumed before sunset—to save the expense of candles. At formal dinners there were thirteen toasts, one for each state of the Union, with volunteer toasts when the spirit moved. At the annual banquet of the employers' organization, the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, "the loudest applause must have greeted the following: 'A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, and a hard-trotting horse to all the enemies of freedom!'"

The relation of the New York of 1789 to the city of 1943 is pointed up by allusions to modern child education, Robert Moses, cigarette advertising, instalment buying, and Hollywood.

If the reader of this well-made book is disappointed because it has only seven instead of seventy illustrations, let him curse not Doubleday but Schicklgrueber—and then let him hurry out and buy another war bond.



—Jacket drawing for the book
The Nation's Capital in 1789

*"A Garden of Ibids . . ." by Frank Sullivan. *The New Yorker*, April 19, 1942.

The Lord's Plantation

TENANTS OF THE ALMIGHTY. By Arthur Raper. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 403 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

MAYBE all of us are the tenants of the Lord on the Lord's big plantation of the world as Arthur Raper's title implies. Certainly all of us in the United States are people at the end of administrative lines running down to Manhattan and Minnesota, as well as Greene County, Georgia, from Big Government in Washington. Mr. Raper has written about Greene but, more important, he has written the small town and rural story of Big Government where it has meaning in the lives of the people.

As such, Mr. Raper has in a sense made a new sort of book about the remote results of centralized government. It is a sort of anatomy of the grass roots in an age of change under distant influences. But it takes the familiar form also of the county history, in which, beyond Indians and settlement, Civil War, cattle tick, and tough, angry politics, is the "Unified Farm Program." That program, involving the diverse ends of Washington programs in a plan of local and national good intentions and good will, is only one chapter and not necessarily the last one. By and large, however, Mr. Raper believes that the works of Washington and the New Deal, as correlated in Greene County in the Unified Farm Program, are items in advance for a people whose progress has been long delayed.

The Greene County of which he writes was one of those sick Southern counties from whose worn-out soils men and families not long ago were leaving by the train and jallopy load to new opportunities or the hope of them. What he describes are the efforts in soil conservation, relief for old and young, education, VD clinics, and Farm Security Administration aid to restore the old county which had once supported a plantation golden age to health and satisfactory living for its people. It is an exciting story and one which needed to be told. Factually, Mr. Raper has done the job excellently. Pictorially also in the fine photographs by Jack Delano with which the book begins, the Greene County story is made clear. Somehow, however, while the book gives us all the facts, it remains a document rather than a drama. It is a document of importance nevertheless. It deserves a reading by students of government and others interested in the social conditions of their country.

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"Todorov is a One-Man Revolution, a One-Man Second Front . . . The Nazis Would Pay a Million for His Head"

Balkan Firebrand

by KOSTA TODOROV

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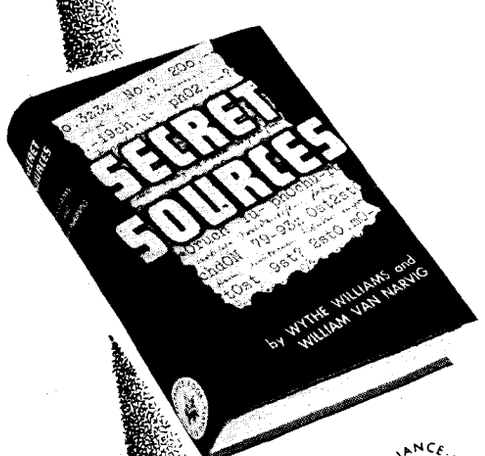
GEORGE HARRISS—*Book of the Month Club News*

"As Exciting and as Filled with Intrigue as any Book Phillips Oppenheim Ever Wrote"

SECRET SOURCES

by WYTHE WILLIAMS and WILLIAM VAN NARVIG



$3.00

AN ALLIANCE BOOK · ZIFF DAVIS

"A leaf out of history . . . a document. And no one can doubt its authenticity . . . Wythe Williams predicted the Germans would invade Poland. He predicted that the Poles would last about twenty-one days. He predicted the invasion of Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium . . . as if the night before Hitler had said, 'Wythe, I'm going to tell you what I am going to do' . . . the explanation is so simple and human . . . interesting and fascinating . . . amazing. I hope a great many Americans read this book. I hope, also, this book will fall into the hands of Adolf Hitler."

STRUTHERS BURT—*Saturday Review of Literature*

Alliance Books ☆ ☆

ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

540 North Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO • 270 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

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TRADE Winds

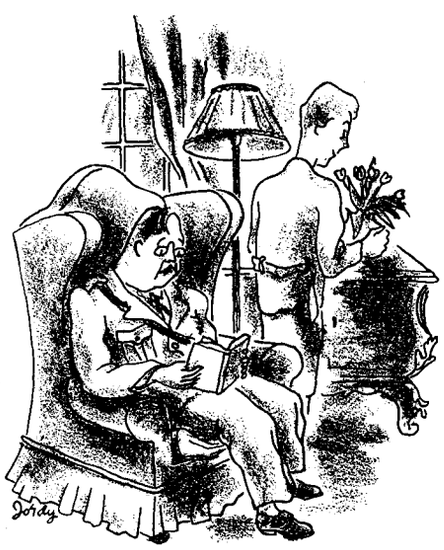
BY THE TIME you read these words, five prominent American publishers will have embarked upon the first lap of a six-week exploratory and good-will tour of Mexico and South America. Included in the junket are George Brett of Macmillan, Malcolm Johnson of Doubleday, Robert DeGraff of Pocket Books, James Thompson of McGraw Hill, and Burt Chase of Silver-Burdett. . . . For too many years we have been so preoccupied with domestic problems that a growing foreign market for books in English went virtually by default to publishers abroad. It took a world upheaval to awaken us—plus the encouragement of a few far-seeing officials in Washington who realize that there is no surer and more effective medium than good books to spread the doctrines of the American way of life. . . . Walter Lippmann's "U. S. Foreign Policy" is required reading for anybody who wonders how we are likely to conduct our affairs abroad when the war is over. . . .

OF ALL THE abominations that have been wished upon a long-suffering constituency by half-witted juveniles known as "hepcats," the zoot suit is the least understandable. Meyer Berger, author of "The Eight Million," set out to discover the origin of this idiotic fashion, and finally pinned it on a busboy from Gainesville, Georgia, named Clyde Duncan. In February, 1941, Duncan ordered "a coat four sizes too long, pants cuffs so tight that a shoehorn had to be used to get the foot through, and reat, or exaggerated, pleats." The accessories to this costume were a wide, flat hat and a watch chain that dangled almost to the ground. Duncan probably was inspired by the authentic Civil War garb worn by Clark Gable when he played Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind." At any rate, news of his weird creation spread to Harlem and the slums of Los Angeles, and there is evidently going to be Hell to pay before the imbeciles who fell for it can be induced to dress like human beings again. . . .

W. W. NORTON announces a new series that has great possibilities. It will consist of a number of short, concise, and unangled histories of the nations now at war. Volume One will be "The Making of Modern Britain," by J. B. Brebner, of Columbia University, and Allan Nevins. That will be followed by "The Making of Modern China," by Owen and Eleanor Lattimore, and "The Making of Modern Holland," by Adrian Van Barnouw. . . . Little, Brown discloses that the hero of John Marquand's forthcoming novel, "So Little Time" (it has been earmarked for the Book-of-the-Month Club), again will be a New England boy, but, unlike Henry Pulham and George Apley, this one will hail from the wrong side of the tracks. . . . William Morrow is readying a volume entitled "A Basic Chicken Guide for the Small Flock Owner," by Roy E. Jones. Story behind the publication is that Morrow's prexy, Thayer Hobson, is becoming the book world's Number One poultryman. . . .

THE MOST devastating magazine piece of the year appears in the current issue of the once-placid *Atlantic*. Rebecca West dons full war regalia and does a job on Hoover and Gibson's "Problems of Lasting Peace" that is murderous. A few of her gentler blasts: "Meritless to a degree probably never equalled by the work of two such eminent men"; "Doubtless as a compliment to the dove of peace, the book is written chiefly in pidgin English"; "If I were an American, and had read this book and been persuaded by its argument, I should think myself a fool to make any sacrifice whatsoever in order to win this war." . . . Miss West will be more favorably impressed, I trust, by these wise words from Joseph Freeman, author of "Retreat to Victory," on the Council on Books in Wartime's radio program, "Books Are Bullets":

> The first aim of this war—without respite and without compromise—is to smash the Axis: to make every battlefield around the globe a Tunisia: utterly to annihilate fascism in every form: wholly to wipe out every last vestige of it from the earth—totally, irrevocably, forever. The aim of the peace must be to vindicate, implement and carry forward the democratic idea: and not the idea only but the democratic reality: to create a truly free world: to open those immense, luminous gates of history which lead to just, equitable relations among men and women everywhere, and among the peoples of the world, great and small. And in this age of promise, the American writer has a gigantic theme to hand. The rich seed lies in Walt Whitman; some current novels already vibrate with the future. When history confirms our great democratic heritage, there will come out of this war a new and wonderful kind of modern American novel—the novel of liberty. . . .



HOME FRONT

"Everyday Malay is not a difficult language to learn. For instance, plurals are usually formed by repeating the word (thus *anak* child, *anak anak* children). . . ."

A COLLECTION of new American writing, tentatively titled "Cross Section," to be edited by the indefatigable Edwin Seaver, will be published by L. B. Fischer next season. The book will contain material never published in book form or in a magazine of national circulation. Contributions will be accepted until November 1 and should be addressed to "Cross Section," L. B. Fischer, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. . . . The Book and Magazine Union is sponsoring a weekly series of forums at the Commodore Hotel entitled "Meet the Author." Prominent scribes lined up include Howard Fast, Carl Carmer, and Raoul Aglion, of the Free French Delegation. The forums are designed specifically for bookshop workers, but a limited number of outsiders will be welcome. For further details, consult the Union offices at 31 East 27th Street, New York. . . . The Macmillan Company is celebrating its hundredth anniversary by sponsoring the first prize award contest in its history. Only scripts by men and women in active service are eligible for the substantial awards that have been posted. The history of the house of Macmillan began when two brothers, Alexander and Daniel, opened a bookshop in Aldersgate Lane, London, in 1843. From this shop their first books, largely theological or educational in nature, were published. In 1857, however, they experienced for the first time the thrill of sponsoring a best-seller. It was Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!", and from that day forward they were off to the races. A few of their successes in the next several years may ring a bell in your memory, if, to quote Mr. Fadiman, you are wired for sound: "Water Babies," "Alice in Wonderland," "Tom

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"Of course it's all right for us to enjoy it—but we can't let it go through."

Brown's Schooldays," "The Golden Treasury." . . . The American branch of Macmillan's came into being just after the Civil War, when George Edward Brett set up shop in a private residence on Bleecker Street. In 1896, the New York branch became a separate corporation, although the London parent concern retained a minority stock interest. George Brett, Jr., present head of the firm, is a grandson of the founder. The Macmillan Company today publishes more trade books than any other American concern. Its imposing home office at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street is a New York landmark. . . . Directly across the street from Macmillan's is the Baker and Taylor headquarters. The first time I ever entered these premises, Mr. Fred Hood glanced at the Boni and Liveright tome I was peddling, and remarked suddenly, "How did you happen to choose book publishing as a career? You know there's precious little money in it!" "I can't take that too seriously, Mr. Hood," I replied, "When I can look right over your shoulder at the Macmillan Building. The J. P. Morgan offices have nothing on that!" "Shucks," reflected Mr. Hood, "They didn't make that out of publishing. They made it in real estate!" . . . P.S. He was only kidding. . . .

ORANGE BLOSSOMS DEPARTMENT: Within a space of twenty-four hours, Charlie Chaplin took as his fourth bride Eugene O'Neill's incomprehensible eighteen-year-old daughter, Oona; Dorothy Thompson was married to Maxim Kopf, a Czechoslovakian artist; and Larry Lesueur, author of the forthcoming "Twelve Months That Changed the World," led the beautiful Joan Phelps, of the British Ministry of Information, to the altar after a blitz romance that left a dozen of her abandoned suitors gnashing their molars in impotent despair. . . .

THE CANADIAN correspondent, Matt Halton, who is doing a book for Houghton Mifflin, tells a tale of the days before the British Eighth Army had been molded into a magnificent fighting machine. An English patrol ventured deep into the Libyan desert, where it encountered a Nazi patrol of comparative strength. In the bloody fight that followed, everybody was killed except two English officers, and one Nazi lieutenant. The Nazi was promptly made a prisoner, whereupon it developed that he not only spoke perfect English, but was a graduate (he declared) of Cambridge University. That put a different complexion on the situation, and the two Englishmen, very sportin', very school-tie, forthwith declared him one of themselves, sharing their meagre rations with him on an equal basis. The Nazi waited his chance, and, suddenly catching both of the Englishmen off guard, seized one of their pistols, and turned the tables on them. "Now, you—English—," he grunted, "you are *my* prisoners! Get over there!" The English officers, dumbfounded, hastened to obey, but one of them was heard to mutter, "I'll bet the blighter never went to Cambridge after all!"

Eventually, the Englishmen outsmarted the Nazi anyhow, and brought him back alive. "A couple of months later," concluded Halton grimly, "those same English officers had learned what war against the Nazis meant. If you ever think England will be the same after the war, talk to the men or the officers of the British Eighth Army!" . . . BENNETT CERF.

America's greatest living critic "writes an excellent book.

It undertakes to give the immediate drama of the making of our literature, the clash of opinions in the day-to-day effort to understand American life and the nature and function of literature in America." —*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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A Leaf Out of History

SECRET SOURCES. By Wythe Williams and William van Narvig. Chicago: Ziff-Davis. 1943. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

A LITTLE over ten years ago a monstrous and extraordinary man with an absurd moustache, one Adolf Hitler, set out to prove to the world that fact can be far more fantastic than fiction. By now almost everybody agrees with him—in that premise, that is—except a few of the less intelligent members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives who, in their way, are as fantastic as he is. This book of Wythe Williams and his mysterious collaborator, Colonel William van Narvig, formerly of the Russian Imperial Army, and at one time an officer in the army of Finland, is a cold and unembroidered recital of something that happened. It is presented as a document. A leaf out of history. And no one can doubt its authenticity because of three conclusive reasons.

First, the reputation of its senior sponsor, Wythe Williams. Second, and what is always more important, the interior evidence, that is to say, the context of the book itself. Third, and the final proof, the fact that if what Wythe Williams relates had not taken place, he would not have been able to do five years ago what he did.

What he did, beginning somewhere in 1939, and continuing until Germany's declaration of war upon us, was to predict, month after month, and with uncanny accuracy, and to the amazement of all other newspapermen and especially the foreign correspondents still in Berlin, just what Hitler and his armies and his politicians were going to do, and what the results were going to be. In August, 1939, for instance, questioned by his friend Lowell Thomas on a radio program, and the question, incidentally, was ad lib, he predicted that within three weeks, during the first week of September, the Germans would invade Poland. He also predicted what the Germans knew, but nobody else, that the Poles would last about twenty-one days. In the same manner, he predicted the invasion of Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium, and the vulnerability of the Maginot Line, and what the intentions of the German generals were regarding it. Long before anybody but the traitors themselves and the German High Command knew about it, he disclosed the treachery in certain French army circles and in French business and politics. But this was only the beginning, for he continued to predict any number of other events in the making and disclosed any number of other secrets subsequently proven true. and he predicted and disclosed all this in a matter-of-fact manner as if the night before Hitler had dropped in upon him and said, "Wythe, I'm going to tell you what I, and the Party, and my generals are going to do. Of course, it's off the record, but if you want to use it . . . well, you know what my off the record means. It's worth no more than anything else I say."

Month after month, and sometimes day after day, this happened and it was very embarrassing to the great metropolitan dailies, and on a couple of occasions the governments in Washington and London flatly contradicted Wythe Williams only to be contradicted themselves a day or so later by what occurred. The entire performance was eerie, clairvoyant, magical, and the most eerie thing about it was that the magician, the clairvoyant, spoke not from Berlin, or Paris, or London, or even Washington, but from Greenwich, Connecticut; either from Greenwich, or from some radio station in New York. For the most part the revelations appeared in *The Greenwich Time,* the small paper Wythe Williams had bought a couple of years earlier upon his return from Europe, where for two decades he had been a foreign correspondent for *The New York Times,* the Northcliffe Press, and the United Press, but, once a week or so, Wythe Williams put on his felt hat and went into New York, like any other commuter, and shook the world. Or, rather, he should have shaken the world, and, if he had, the world would have saved itself endless misery, but as usual the world preferred not to be shaken until the bombs actually fell. Now, in this book, Wythe Williams tells the source of his information, and, because the explanation is so simple and human, it is not only all the more interesting and fascinating, as Lowell Thomas in his foreword says, but all the more amazing.

Wythe Williams does not mention the implications of this final revelation of his, although as a newspaperman he must be acutely aware of them, for newspapermen belong to a realistic profession which knows that back of all the mumbo-jumbo, and elaborate plans, and high-sounding

(*Continued on page* 20)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 482)

GEORGE MEREDITH:
HARD WEATHER

All her* mind
Is vowed to thresh for stouter stock.
.....
Nor.....
Peruse her with the craven nerve,
But even as she from grass to corn,
To eagle high from grubbing mole,
Prove in strong brain her noblest born,
The station for the flight of soul.

*Earth's.

Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

CRIMINALS IN LITERATURE

Not all of the criminals in literature are to be found in detective fiction. Here are ten well-known characters who were guilty of various crimes other than murder. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each one whose name you can recall, and another 5 for the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 24.

1. To prevent the coronation of the King of Ruritania, this half-brother drugged and kidnaped him.
2. This Chinese boy and his father discovered that a delicious repast resulted from burning down their dwelling, and became habitual arsonists.
3. This U. S. naval officer was convicted of treason in connection with the Aaron Burr conspiracy.
4. Convicted of adultery, she was forced to wear a scarlet A on her dress at all times.
5. Daily practice enabled him to become the most proficient one of a gang of boys who pilfered hankerchiefs from unsuspecting victims.
6. Always ethical, he never swindled a Midwestern farmer without giving him at least a gold brick or some phony stock certificates to show for his money.
7. This one-legged sea cook led a mutiny aboard the schooner *Hispaniola.*
8. For dueling in the streets, he was exiled by the Prince of Verona.
9. Condemned to death for flirting, he was reprieved when the emperor appointed him Lord High Executioner.
10. On the spur of the moment he stole the life savings of the village weaver.

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"Americans are always moving on"

...THIS IS THE FIRST LINE OF THE GREAT NEW NARRATIVE POEM

WESTERN STAR

BY *Stephen Vincent Benét*

AT THE OUTBREAK of war Mr. Benét had completed the first book of what he had planned to be a long narrative poem in several parts. He laid aside his work on the later sections because he believed that there was writing in connection with the war which was more important for him to do. However, with the publication of *Western Star*, the finished book of the projected work, the publishers believe that Mr. Benét will make perhaps the greatest of all his great contributions to America in war or in peace. For *Western Star* is the spirit and the beginnings of America. There is in it the essence of what America is and the sure knowledge of what it will be.

Western Star is for all those who love *John Brown's Body* and for all Americans who "are always moving on" whatever their race, creed, color or heritage. Dual Book-of-the-Month Club Selection for July. $2.00

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Announcing the appointment of

DAVID APPEL

Literary Editor

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

David Appel, distinguished newspaperman, editorialist, and lecturer in Modern American Literature at Cleveland College of Western Reserve University, has been appointed Literary Editor of The Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Appel, long director of the book pages of the Cleveland News, brings to The Chicago Daily News a background of brilliant literary editorship in keeping with the traditions of America's most book-conscious newspaper. With his appointment, readers, writers, publishers and sellers of books may look forward with continued assurance to new and bright days, for books in the Chicago area. For the ablest and most authoritative news and reviews of books, turn to the Book Pages of . . .

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME *Newspaper*

(*Continued from page* 18)

phrases, in the final analysis everything comes down to men and women and human motives. We laugh at the movies for their insistence upon this fundamental truth, but in their own naive way they are correct, and they are correct because they are naive. The only trouble is that they continue to present the fundamental truth naively.

Wythe Williams quite by chance, and through the mysterious Colonel van Narvig, built up a small and unofficial organization of German spies who functioned perfectly and in the most intimate relationships with Hitler, Goering, Von Ribbentrop, and all the other murderers of Berlin. It was as simple as that and as terrific. Or rather, it was not Wythe Williams who built up this organization, but the mysterious Colonel van Narvig who apparently knows everyone in Europe, and whose brother-in-law, now dead, was a leading Nazi. Wythe Williams was merely the receiving end, the editor, the announcer, to whom the reports came in with fair regularity and astonishing speed. He gave the news out to the world, which didn't want to believe it. How he first met Colonel van Narvig during the World War and then didn't see him again until the edge of the present global war, is a story in itself and what we choose to call a coincidence. But the point is that more than half of life is made up of coincidences for those wise enough to know their determining value. Once again, being a newspaperman, Wythe Williams knows what a coincidence is. Once again, he is one of those people to whom coincidences happen, which is extremely important. That is genius in itself.

The organization back of the "editorial rabbits" pulled from the hat of the small paper, *The Greenwich Time,* was composed of two women and four men, all Germans, all originally believers in the Nazi salvation, all, because of what had happened to them, eventually loathers of it and Hitler, so much so that they were willing to risk torture and death to satisfy their hatred. One of the women was a member of Hitler's secretarial staff at Berchtesgaden—the man to whom she had been secretly married had been assassinated during the blood-purge of 1934. The other woman, a beauty, was one of Hermann Goering's 10 secretaries and lived at Karin Hall. She believed that her father, a leading Nazi, had been killed because he knew too much. Two of the men were Gestapo agents. One of these Gestapo agents had, together with other agents, the especial duty of guarding Hitler's life. The other two men were equally close to the Nazi leaders and the Nazi government. Each of these had had his bitter and disillusioning experience. In addition to these six was a mysterious messenger.

So that's the plot of this actual story, this fantastic document made up mostly of decoded letters, and the soberly related story is as exciting and as filled with intrigue as any book Phillips Oppenheim ever wrote, or Oppenheim's modern and improved successor, Eric Ambler. I hope a great many Americans read this book. Until the painful facts of life were forced upon us, too many of us led a remote, pleasant, and sheltered existence in which the cornerstone of philosophy was a disbelief in the existence of evil. We were like those three stupid little Japanese monkey-gods, or like the girl who didn't know she had a baby until it was old enough to ask her the name of its father. We have now learned—most of us—that the only way to fight evil is to know about it. I hope, also, this book will fall into the hands of Adolf Hitler. That eventually it will fall into the hands of some of his companions goes without saying. They will be astonished by another of the oldest truths known to man; the truth in which lies the nemesis of all tyrants; the inevitable handwriting on the wall.

Torture, cruelty, injustice, insolence make enemies even of followers, even of slaves. There comes a day when these turn upon the tyrant and he dies terribly.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. "B" for instance may stand for "E" and "M" for "I." The experienced cryptographer seeks first to spot the vowels, and looks for letters that recur frequently to give him his clue.

No. 1

V DZKX UGSOG HXSHFX JS QJSH ZGB APN ZG ZHHFX SG JDX YSIGXI ZGB JDXG OZFU ZOZN ZQ VC JDXN DZB QSFKXB JDX ODSFX PGXTHFSNTXGJ HISAFXT.

DXNOSSB AISPG—

"YDPTTN YDZIFVX"

The solution to Crypt No. 1 will be found in the next issue.

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The Story of Dr. Goldberger

TRAIL TO LIGHT. A Biography of Dr. Joseph Goldberger. By Robert P. Parsons. New York. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

DR. PARSONS, now Captain Parsons of the U.S.N., in his foreword to this inspiring biography measures the historical importance of an individual by his effect upon the generations that follow him. In the field of medicine he can find only sixteen names whose owners "have contributed enormously to the health of the world." At the end of the list he places Joseph Goldberger, the Hungarian-born Jew, son of immigrant peasants, the subject of his story. Joseph Goldberger's name is unfamiliar to the world in general. But so are the names of most of the other fifteen. Those who save life cannot hope to compete in the history books with those who destroy it. Yet this quiet, unassuming man solved or helped to solve problems in medicine that had baffled mankind for centuries and played a great part in bringing under control the diseases he tracked down. To his fellow workers he was known as the Sherlock Holmes of the Health Service, and certainly his nose for clues and his methods of tracking the criminal would have impressed that master detective. His last and greatest achievement was the proof that pellagra, that deadly enemy to progress in our South, was caused not by an obscure infection as so many held, but by dietary deficiencies. But this was the last. Before that he had already made invaluable discoveries in other fields—typhoid, typhus, cholera—had developed techniques that brought him victory in every enemy encounter, had inspired dozens of young researchers throughout the country.

When we first meet Joseph his eleven-year old nose is buried in an Oliver Optic, while almost by instinct he steers his feet through the mêlée of Houston Street, his free arm loaded with matzoth and gefüllte fish. He is delivering groceries for Papa and Mama Goldberger. He had been seven when Samuel and Sarah left their plague-stricken farm in Hungary to make a new start in New York's Lower East Side. They opened a little grocery and they prospered. There were seven children; the girls made cheeses and the boys helped in the store. But the pride of the family was Joseph whose early passion for books, almost any books, convinced the proud Sarah that he was obviously destined to become another Jewish scholar as fine as her father. And so they did what they could to help as he worked his way through high school and the College of the City of New York, and were still prouder when he announced his intention of becoming an engineer. But to their bewildered consternation, after two years of hard work, Joseph, fired by a lecture by Austin Flint, turned from engineering to medicine. It was hard to understand, but they took it and they were probably the proudest parents in all New York three years later when he was graduated from the Bellevue Medical School. Then followed eighteen months as a Bellevue interne during which they took twenty-five cents out of the till each week for his allowance. A real doctor at last, Joseph hung out his shingle. But it was not long before he began to chafe under the limitations of private practice. He wanted to bring order and harmony into a larger field. He saw his opportunity in the U. S. Health Service, passed his examinations, and his adventures began.

Inevitably the life-story of a man whose entire career is dedicated to scientific research must deal largely with his investigations, and Dr. Parsons enthusiastically follows Joseph back and forth across the country, down into Mexico, forever tracing epidemics to their sources, meticulously checking and rechecking his findings, battling stupidity and prejudice with infinite patience. In New Orleans, following the trail of yellow fever, Joseph met and loved his Mary, the daughter of a distinguished Gentile lawyer, whom he married after two years of opposition on the part of both families.

Dr. Parsons's vivid biography is of a scientist whose brilliancy of mind won the respect of the leaders in public health work all over the world. His account of the diseases, the methods, the experiments, is untechnical and highly interesting. But, even more than his contributions, it is the selflessness of the man Joseph, the greatness of his spirit, the boyish enthusiasm for life, that warm the heart of the reader and that made him so deeply mourned when he died in 1929. Dr. Parsons is fortunate in his subject as is his subject in his biographer. It is to be hoped that his book will not be overshadowed by the welter of war books. As truly as any of these it testifies to the true meaning of America. Nowhere else in the entire world could a little Ghetto immigrant rise to such eminence or make so great a contribution to his adopted country.

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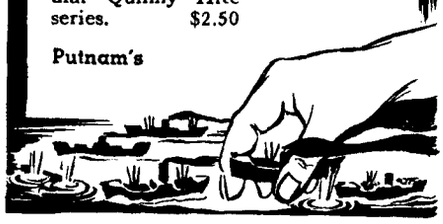

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Readers' Service Division

THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of* LITERATURE

25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Personal History

ROUGHLY SPEAKING. By Louise Randall Pierson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

THIS is an incredible life for any dozen women to have lived, and one's first impulse is to say, tut, tut, these are just the best gags of all moving to Rockefeller Center. An endless series of domestic misadventures, wise-cracking irrepressibility, and wild irrelevancies, it dashes along with such incessant and relentless verve, a propeller going at top speed becomes by comparison a mild demonstration in slow motion. If you read too much of it at a sitting you will pant with exhaustion. If you take it in short sessions you will have a wonderful time.

Mrs. Pierson was born rich but ambitious. She lived right next to the Adamses in Quincy, Massachusetts, and when she went to the First Unitarian Church her numb little toes rested on the granite above the bones of John and John Quincy. A democrat from the start, however, she preferred the Adamses' hired man to his employers, living or dead. The Adamses moved away pretty soon on account of the taxes and the foreigners brought in to cut the granite that made Adams monuments and church floors, but that was all right with the young Louise who had other things to think about at the time. Soon she had to go, too, because her father, practically a twin of Clarence Day's in every respect but his ability to hold on to his money, died suddenly, leaving the family a yearly income of $600 and a divinely improvident habit of spending large sums solely in the interests of economizing.

How the family made out, how Louise herself fared, bitten in turn by all the bugs that buzzed in the willing ears of her generation—Emancipation, the Vote, Higher Education, Careers, Working Girls' Vacations, Enlightened Sex Instructions; how she got herself a husband and wore him out; got another one, less fragile of spirit; brought up five children as indestructible as their mother; took jobs and lost them; made over houses, bought second-hand automobiles, ran political meetings, started open forums that ended in open fights, yet always and always held high the banner of humor, you must read for yourself. You will have considerable sympathy for her first husband, who just moved over the Yale Club one day, but you will understand also why she had no trouble at all getting another and why he stood by.

Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER:
"We recommend this without reservation."

THE NEW YORKER:
"Fast, humorous story with flashes of brilliance."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE:
"Very good...Exceptionally likeable characters."

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:
"Fast, ingenious and humorous action."

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW:
"Swift and violent enough to satisfy the most exacting reader."

The RAT BEGAN to GNAW the ROPE

By C. W. GRAFTON

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The Road to Military Triumph

BRIDGEHEAD TO VICTORY. By L. V. Randall. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 183 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY J. TAYLOR

THIS is a clear, factual book. First, it is a military geography of the continent of Europe. As such it deals with the same physical realities with which our military leaders must deal, for the first problems of invasion are inherent in the geography itself and unless these problems are clearly set forth, as they are in this book, it is difficult to have any understanding at all about what we face in our March to Victory.

It is clear that Mr. Randall has devoted a great deal of time to the organization of his book and in doing so he has performed a service, because in these pages he reveals the inter-relationships of the different localities and unfolds the problem as a whole. And that is the way that the problem presents itself to our military leaders.

In its geo-strategic analysis, "Bridgehead to Victory" divides the area of the continent into two groups of countries: (1) Axis-occupied countries having no common boundaries with Germany. (2) Axis-held countries having common boundaries with Germany.

Against this background Mr. Randall deflates the general feeling that we have only to send an ample amount of troops to a properly selected place and start attacking. He points out that in modern warfare a sea-borne invasion with strategic objectives is a more difficult and complex problem than armies have ever before faced. He reminds the reader, time and again, that we are fighting from the periphery but that the Axis is fighting from the center of a circle. He reminds the reader how much more catastrophic a failure would be under these circumstances than in any ordinary land battle, for once we start there is no alternative except to reach the objective or face annihilation.

This is Mr. Randall's explanation for the need of overwhelming preparation and the absolute certainty of success before we start, and it is a very impressive appeal.

Beyond the geo-strategic analysis the author deals with the preparations, means, and weapons necessary for an invasion. He deals specifically with the problems of manpower, raw materials, transportation, new weapons, sham weapons, and the gearing in of psychological warfare. In the preparations for invasion he describes the basic responsibilities of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force and the coördination of these elements over great distances and operating simultaneously at widely separated points for the purpose of spreading the Germans from their central mass.

The author shows a wholesome respect for the imponderables in this task. He has had the patience and skill to explore one possible route after another in such a way that the imponderables do not detract from the knowledge which the reader receives regarding the basic military problem of each route.

What could have been a laborious and circuitous series of conjectures, full of "ifs and buts," is, instead, a concise and clear statement of the known obstacles which we will overcome in the defeat of our German enemy in our invasion of Germany itself.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CRIMSON FRIDAY *Dorothy Cameron Disney* (Random House: $2.)	Maid-servant of small-town mystery-woman found slain. Mistress vanishes. Local sleuth does capital deducing job.	Best Disney yarn to date. First-class character drawing, suspense from beginning to end, well-concealed killer, and copious action.	Required reading
MURDER GOES ASTRAY *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Desmond Shannon, searching for missing girl, runs into murder and other violence in Jersey town.	Sleuth with penchant for getting into trouble here tangles with corrupt politicos in action-packed mystery with gangster trimmings.	Exciting
DEATH PAINTS THE PICTURE *Lawrence Lariar* Phoenix: $2.)	Illustrator slain in Woodstock cottage. Detective story syndicate writer and jovial pal clear it up.	High-spirited, frequently hilarious, and gaudily characterized tale of love and death among the artists. Pungent and exciting.	Exhilarating

The editor of Inner Sanctum Mysteries reports a strange but popular fallacy. Most people persist in the romantic belief that mystery writers—as well as their books—are sinister and terrifying.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Mystery writers — the ones we know, *anyway* — are so well-adjusted they would drive a psychiatrist mad. Whenever *they* get a homicidal impulse, they insert a reasonable facsimile of their pet hate into a new story and polish him off, thus satisfying themselves and everyone else, including the victim.

For example, take LILIAN LAUFERTY, whose new thriller, *The Hungry House,* has just been published. Several years ago she and her husband got roped into spending a week-end with casual acquaintances. It developed, after the first ten minutes, that the house was dreary and uncomfortable, the host a boor and the hostess a bore. How would this have affected the so-called normal citizen? He would have spent the ensuing forty-eight hours devising ingenious ways, preferably painful, to rid the world of these menaces; he would have returned home a frustrated wreck; he would have brooded, turned to drink, neglected his wife and family, and ended up in a pauper's grave.

What did LILIAN LAUFERTY do? She wrote a book, *The Hungry House.*

It is the story of The Holdens and the house their forefathers had built, of the violence that was their inheritance, and the series of murders that resulted. Lest any reader get mistaken notions from this brief description, we hasten to add that (1) the heroine does *not* wander alone into haunted attics, (2) there is not a single *had-I-but-known* from first page to last, (3) the murderer is not produced at the end like a rabbit out of a hat.

Readers of this column who remember LILIAN LAUFERTY'S first novel, *The Crimson Thread,* will go at once to the nearest bookstore and demand a copy of

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Northern Odyssey

SLEEPING ISLAND. By P. G. Downes. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. 296 *pp.* $3.50.

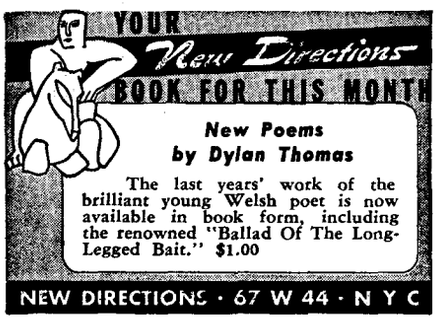
Reviewed by MERRILL DENISON

UP North, where the inhospitality of the Land of Little Sticks gives way to the brutal hostility of the Great Barren Lands, lies a vast, unmapped area of rock, water, muskeg, and mosquitoes, which, for some inscrutable reason, exerts a fascination for some men, among them P. G. Downes. His last venture into this unattractive part of the earth's surface was made in 1939 in search of a legendary lake, named Neutlin and almost as big as Lake Erie, which lies between Churchill and the Coppermine River. "Sleeping Island" is the story of that venture and in sustained readability and interest is superior to anything yet written about the lonely, uncommendable country, including the narratives and journals of such famous figures in Canadian exploration as Hearne, Franklin, and Tyrrell. Mr. Downes is not only a better reporter and observer than his more hallowed predecessors but is a much more graceful writer: how graceful may be judged from the fact that he has me almost persuaded that I should like to see the Barrens for myself someday. This is an impressive tribute; for I once made the long rail journey into Churchill and to this day become subdued and apprehensive when I recall its remoteness and desolation.

Mr. Downes begins his remarkable feat of salesmanship with a chapter of personal exploration in which he speculates why he or anyone should want to journey to the Farther North. Without ever reaching any sensible or rational answer to the question, he leads the reader insidiously along—by rail to Winnipeg and Flin Flon and by air into Pelican Lake—until the latter finds himself at the jumping-off place for the journey by canoe north to the little known Neutlin, which Samuel Hearne noted on his journey to the Coppermine Basin in 1770. It is then too late to turn back and one embarks in a canoe for a region which is at one and the same time the oldest and the youngest on the planet. It is so old and barren that the archean rocks are visible everywhere and so young that primordial earth has not had time to form; a land from which the ice shield retreated only yesterday and where some of its actual glaciers can still be seen.

Canoe trips, as anyone who has savored them knows too well, can become infinitely tedious, and as such do not lend themselves readily to sustained narrative treatment. One day is very like another and, when the curious insanity of stumbling across a portage has been recorded once, its literary possibilities are pretty well exhausted. Mr. Downes so avoids these pitfalls by his capacity for interesting observation, his slightly bizarre enthusiasm for his subject, and his delightful narrative style, that he is able to impart his own enjoyment and exhilaration as mile after mile the canoe moves north into the unknown.

I heartily recommend "Sleeping Island" to the Army and Marine Corps as an addition to their libraries on New Guinea and Guadalcanal. By all accounts both are quite unattractive sites for habitation thanks to their heat and lushness. Mr. Downes's splendid narrative will prove both an escape and antidote and make for reconciliation.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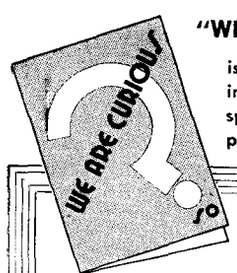

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The Beecham Baton

A MINGLED CHIME. By Sir Thomas Beecham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 330 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

A GENERATION in the spotlight usually induces successful actors and musicians to share the secrets of their life with the public. Of late the monarch of the orchestra, the conductor, has joined the celebrities, and currently enjoys a privileged position that overshadows the glamour heretofore reserved for the Carusos and Paderewskis. The memoirs of these eminent actors and musicians seldom belong in the realm of literature; they are usually more or less good-natured shop talk interspersed with views on politics, life, and global strategy. Sir Thomas Beecham's autobiography is no exception to the rule.

Known around the world as a resourceful musical entrepreneur who has rendered conspicuous service to the cause of music, Sir Thomas is a product of the late Victorian era. The pages of his book are eloquent testimony to this heritage. The concert-goer and devotee of the glamorous stars of the musical firmament will no doubt find many interesting stories and anecdotes about the denizens of Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Royal Albert Hall, and many other places as this pleasant horse-drawn musical bus rambles over the vast grounds of the international concert industry now slowly becoming an anachronism, through finding a last refuge in the United States.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Black Michael, Lord of Zenda, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope.
2. Bo-Bo and To-Ti, in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
3. Philip Nolan, in "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale.
4. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5. Jack Dawkins, the Artful Dodger, in "Oliver Twist," by Charles Dickens.
6. Jeff Peters, in "The Gentle Grafter," by O. Henry.
7. John Silver, in "Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
8. Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare.
9. Ko-Ko, in "The Mikado," by W. S. Gilbert.
10. Dunstan Cass, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.

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The Crostics Club

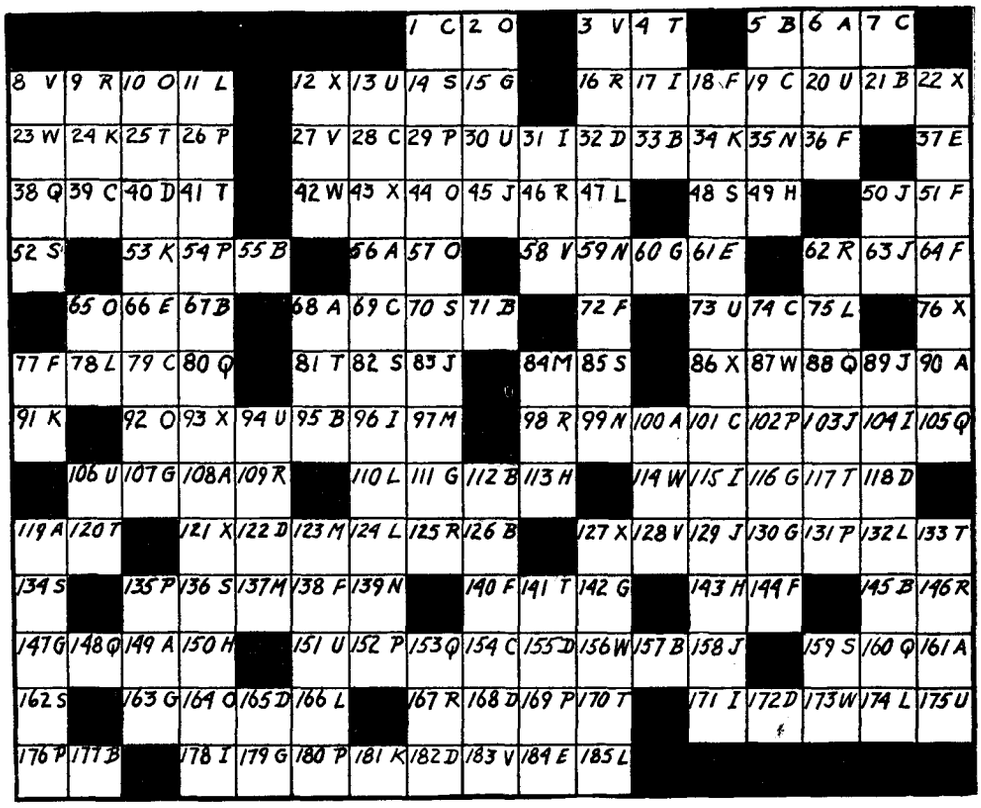
IN a recent DC containing the name of *Havelock,* I defined him as a British General at the Siege of Lucknow, 1857. When I came to verify my fact I discovered that just three commanders of eight letters each had been concerned in that action, Laurence and Campbell being the others. So I had to modify my definition but this time before you did it for me.

But I was truly chagrined to find from Steven Byington, David Scannell, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Roger Evans, N. Y. City, that I had misspelled the name of *Fuess.* Years of German study taught me the order of letters when (in translation) the umlaut is used, and I have long been familiar with the name of Dr. Fuess as an educator and a writer. However, the mistake gives me the chance to put in a special word for that very readable biography of Coolidge if you haven't read it. Although I had met Coolidge on several occasions in Massachusetts, I am grateful to Dr. Fuess for penetrating the outer crust and plumbing the depths of one so generally misunderstood. But that error, although it caused trouble, was not a *sin* of commission, as one styled it; for *sin,* I was convinced earlier in life by a leader of a Bible Group I attended, is *wilful* error. In those days under the influence of a father who victimized us youngsters with Herbert Spencer and who held over us that worthy's anathema of "loose adjustment of words to thought," I must have been more amenable!

For New Yorkers I want to take this opportune time to suggest two sources of reference material that should be more widely used: the Reference Department of the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and the Mercantile Library at 17 East 47th Street. The Public Library's Reference Department I think the greatest depository of its kind in point of volumes, systematic procedure devoid of red tape, and intelligent service. The Mercantile Library, more a circulating library, in its hundred and more years of existence, has accumulated books the average library lacks, and its nominal dues of five dollars a year enable it to stock up on a large variety of current volumes and, for a small fee, to operate a most reliable and helpful mail service. Its magazine and reading room is also distinctive and withal accessible. Neither library, however, has time to help *puzzlers* solve their wares!

No one has as yet offered to keep tabs on time performances for those interested, nor has anyone volunteered to head the exchange bureau for you who like to make DCs. Shall we close the lists and let the matters drop by default?

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 483

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A grotesque person.

B. Our speech as sanctioned by official authority (with *The*).

C. To talk interminably (slang—3 wds.)

D. To journey by means of passing rides.

E. Second encampment of Israelites after crossing the Red Sea.

F. A sword (now in East Indian titles).

G. Quality of being threefold.

H. First name of hero in title of novel by Irving Bacheller.

I. To search thoroughly.

J. A picture or carving in 3 compartments side by side.

K. To judge, suppose (chiefly hum.)

L. The precursor of the newspaper in England.

M. To comply with the request of.

N. The divisions of the Universe in Norse cosmology.

O. To leave the scene (slang—2 wds.)

P. To introduce or commend to favor.

Q. A Philistine of Gath (Bib.)

R. An obstinate person.

S. The loss of *a* in *mid* for *amid* (Gram.)

T. Violent (colloq.—comp.)

U. The battle in which Brutus fell (*Julius Caesar*).

V. Summoned forth as from seclusion.

W. Chief island of the Society Islands.

X. An unwavering partisan, esp. in politics.

WORDS

A. 161 6 90 149 56 68 119 100 108
B. 112 33 5 55 95 71 21 67 145 157 177 126
C. 19 154 74 1 7 101 69 79 28 39
D. 40 182 32 122 172 118 168 165 155
E. 61 184 66 37
F. 18 51 72 140 36 77 64 144 138
G. 15 130 107 179 163 111 60 116 147 142
H. 150 143 113 49
I. 115 31 104 178 17 171 96
J. 89 129 103 45 50 83 158 63
K. 34 53 24 181 91
L. 47 132 11 185 110 78 75 121 166 174
M. 123 84 137 97
N. 59 99 35 139
O. 44 164 65 2 10 57 92
P. 131 169 26 29 152 135 54 180 102 176
Q. 105 38 88 153 166 148 80
R. 109 62 146 16 98 9 46 125 167
S. 82 159 136 14 52 70 85 162 48 134
T. 117 41 120 4 25 170 141 133 81
U. 73 13 94 175 20 106 151 30
V. 183 27 58 8 128 3
W. 156 173 42 114 23 87
X. 121 127 22 86 12 43 93 76

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The Phoenix Nest

I THOUGHT up a swell ironic story the other night. I wanted to call it "The Story of John Gates." I thought it might go like this. In his earliest twenties you have a young man named John Gates who is a steel workers' organizer. When Franco with the aid of the Italian Fascists and Hitler's Nazis attacks the young Spanish Republic abroad, I imagine this young man as deciding that it is time something is done about the matter. England, France, and the United States are all engaged determinedly in looking the other way. They say to each other, "You don't see anything, do you?" "No, honestly, I don't see a thing wrong!" "That's what I thought. Non-intervention should be our attitude!" Gates doesn't feel that way. He goes over to Spain and gets in the fight on the Loyalist side. He emerges as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth International Brigade. He is then about twenty-four or something. I have a real picture of such young Loyalist officers before me now, to help me with my story. It is, we will imagine, said of Gates that his original company "in all of the battles engaged in at the Pozoblanco front demonstrated great fighting courage and a truly anti-Fascist spirit . . . He has gained a high reputation." We can imagine him as perhaps the best leader the volunteer Americans had, save for Milton Wolff, whose head Jo Davidson sculpted, he thought it so fine. Last I heard of Wolff he was pushing one of those little-wheeled rattling boxes along the cobbles full of cheap clothes on clothes hangers; only job he could get back in the States. He had commanded the Lincolns. He was the fellow who sent to a friend in Spain the following note:

> Enclosed you will find 1,000 pesetas. I want to buy a gift for my mother. She's fifty-three years old, has blue eyes, is old-fashioned and loves me very much.

But I'm getting a little off the beam—or am I? Finally, after Franco's imported black Moors and the Fascists and the Nazis have at long last managed to defeat the grimly and bitterly fighting Loyalists, John Gates (we'll imagine) comes home. After a while, after the isolationists have all made their long-winded speeches to us about how Hitler and the Nazis and the war are none of our business, and how we'd better stay home and make the world free for cartels, John Gates (of whose bravery Vincent Sheean and Herbert Matthews of *The New York Times*, we'll imagine, have spoken in despatches) enlists in the United States Army. He joins (I will say) the Fifty-ninth Armored Artillery Battalion at Camp Chafee, Arkansas, or some such place. He gets to be a sergeant. But when his unit is on the eve of going overseas, his commander receives a telegram from the Adjutant-General in Washington ordering Gates transferred to a service unit—which means, of course, no combat service throughout the war. No explanation is given. Two Lieutenant-Colonels intervene in Gates's behalf. Finally Gates writes the President, asking for a review of his case; and stating, in soldierly fashion, how much he wishes to fight for his country. But no board of review is appointed. There is no recourse. Gates remains definitely out of the war. He's not worthy, apparently. Or maybe it's because he once helped organize the steel-workers! . . .

A pretty prejudiced story I've thought up, you say. Things like that don't happen! If a young man has proved his love of freedom, his hatred of our enemies, his valor in action up to the hilt like that, he is just the sort we want in our army. It's ridiculous to imagine such a story! *I know.* Only, in reality, I didn't imagine it at all. It's all true. And John Gates is the same. You can read most of the story in *The Washington Post*, April 14, 1943, written by Drew Pearson, who does the "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

I myself met John Gates in New York. I remember him. I remember sitting with him, and a playwright, and a newspaper correspondent, and a theatrical producer, and several others, in a conference on how to get the American boys home from Spain and attend to the hospitalization of the wounded and the rehabilitation of others. Gates was a serious, earnest, quiet young American. He held himself straight, and he looked as straight as a string. . . .

Isn't it a swell ironic story?

Some Maps

For those of you who are really interested in our ally, Soviet Russia, there's a good buy in maps, from the Denoyer-Geppert Company, 5235 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. It's thirty-two pages of colored maps in a colored cover, of the origins and development of a great country, from the thirteenth century, on through the Czars, down to the present. It illustrates present-day geography, economic resources, industry, languages, races, and so on. What you pay is only a dollar.

"The Secret of the Subway"

I thank Carl Thurston of Pasadena, California, for the following:

> I saw "The Secret of the Subway" in Holyoke about a week before you did. (I was also on my way to New Haven, but it took me a year longer to get there.)
>
> If you have forgotten its thrills it is possibly because, like a number of other people, you have automatically transferred its one deathless line to the more famous, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Both heroines had the same name—in fact, I am not at all sure that all heroines in melodrama weren't named Nellie—but it was in the underground opus that the villain stabbed her in the first act, poisoned her in the second, shot her in the third, and in the fourth tied her to the subway track, yet in the fifth act asked her, ingratiatingly, "Why do you fear me, Nellie?" Let justice be dealt out, as it always was in the "mellers" themselves! The Beautiful Cloak Model has been getting away with more than her fair share of their glories.

A Book Plate

Inspired by "Lines to a Borrowed Book," T. Henry Foster, who lives at "White Oaks," Ottumwa, Iowa, sends me an odd kind of book-plate, which is supposed to be pasted in the unwanted book at the *end,* rather than on the inside front cover. He believes it to be unique.

Here is what it says:

> EX LIBRIS
> THENFOS
>
> If you've borrowed this book,
> You needn't return it;
> 'Twould really be better
> To stealthily burn it.
> And now that it's finished,
> Be ashamed and repent it—
> But never, oh never,
> Say who 'twas that lent it!!!!!

And last but not least, a pleasant communication from my good neighbor, Elizabeth S. Kingsley, the "Double-Crostics" lady:

> Tit for tat! Many a time has your column given me poets for Double-Crostic material.
>
> Richard Brathwaite caught my eye in the Biography section of WNI for its H and its W, which I sorely needed to use up in that DC. I meant to go down to the Library to do some grubbing on my own account, but as time was lacking I phoned to their superb reference desk staff instead. And this is briefly what they gave me:
>
> You will read about Richard Brathwaite in a Biography of him written in 1928 by Matthew Black. He was a prolific poet and even a scholar of parts as shown in a Chaucer's Commentary. A few of his titles are: The Golden Fleece—1611; The Prodigal's Tears—1614; The Poet's Will—1614; H. Barnaby's Travels.
>
> Now that we both know more of him, I may inflict you further in a DC. So beware of the boomerang!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

REPUTABLE and well-established Literary Agency in English wishes to coöperate with well-established agency in America, with a view to effecting exchange of all types of literary work. Fullest investigations welcomed. Box 157-H.

WOMAN SCHOOL EXECUTIVE wishes share summer home of writer or artist, June 30 to Aug. 15. Share fun and friends, exchange homemaking activities. Excellent cook. Drive, type. References exchanged. Box 162-H.

ENVELOPES AND FOLDED LETTERS from 1750 to 1900 wanted by philatelist and student of Postal History. Old stamp collections may also be of interest. Liberal payment. Correspondence invited, or send what you have. References gladly given. Mannel Hahn, 545 Lincoln, Winnetka, Illinois.

MEXICO BOUND? Casa Scott, Taxco, Gro, Mexico, offers perfect climate, beautiful views, and excellent cooking. Reasonable.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie unrationed; a log fire; no radio.

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MY BIRTHDAY IS July 1. Will anyone care? Johnnie Blueboy. Box 160-H.

MATURE COLLEGE WOMAN with yen for travel, having rejected marriage for career, misses the companionship and viewpoint of the cultured male. Has not lost her sense of humor. Would welcome correspondence with man of understanding and varied interests. Box 161-H.

CAREER WOMAN desires summer recreation, preferably northern climate. Offers secretarial or hostess services exchange for board, living accommodations. Box 164-H.

PERSONALS

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LITERARY WOMAN finds living is both duty and beauty. She invites correspondence with persons of similar attitude. Box 154-H.

WILL SOME KIND LADY write to a slightly bored, middle-aged man? Cosmopolitan, Box 155-H.

YOUTH, alone in big city, would correspond with any and all. Box 156-H.

WANTED: Interesting position, preferably of editorial nature, with advancement possibilities, worth-while salary. B.A., science major, intelligent, conscientious, likes to work, write, do literature research. Currently special librarian in technical laboratory. Good references. Box 165-H.

CAN YOU INSPIRE? Article writer, aspiring fictionist, seeks stimulating correspondence with gallant lady. Box 166-H.

WOMAN, cheerfully middle-aged, music lover, gardener, cook, chauffeur; living alone in delightful home, now feels unpatriotic not sharing same. Would like a pal to enjoy house and help with household chores. Rent free, other expenses shared. Amusing friends and lovely countryside. Congenial atmosphere for writer. Six miles from New Hope, Pa.; two hours from New York City. Write Box 167-H.

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FERENC MOLNAR tells me today he counted twelve authors in the room he was taking lunch in. What of it? This of it. What brings these sapient guys to the Algonquin year in, year out? Something they ate no doubt.

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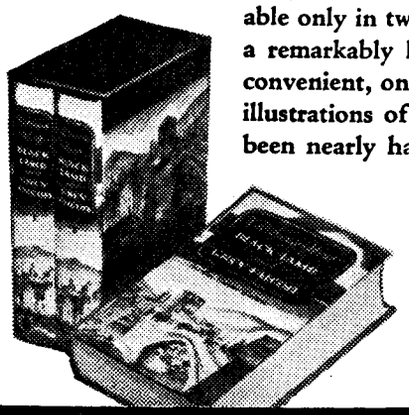

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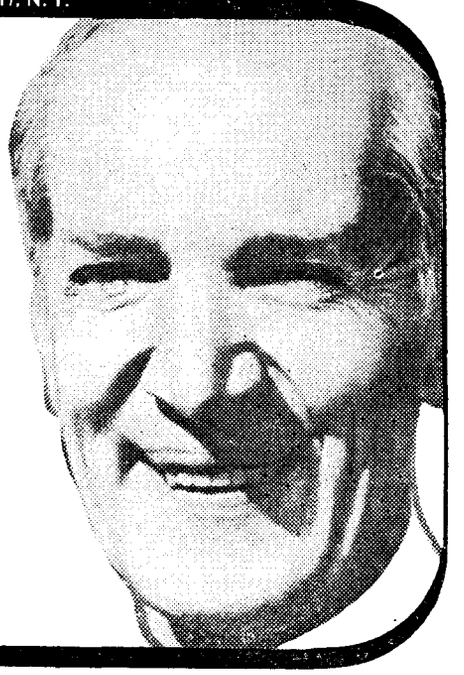

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